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HAVE WE THE GRIT OF OUR FOREFATHERS? By the Earl of Meath

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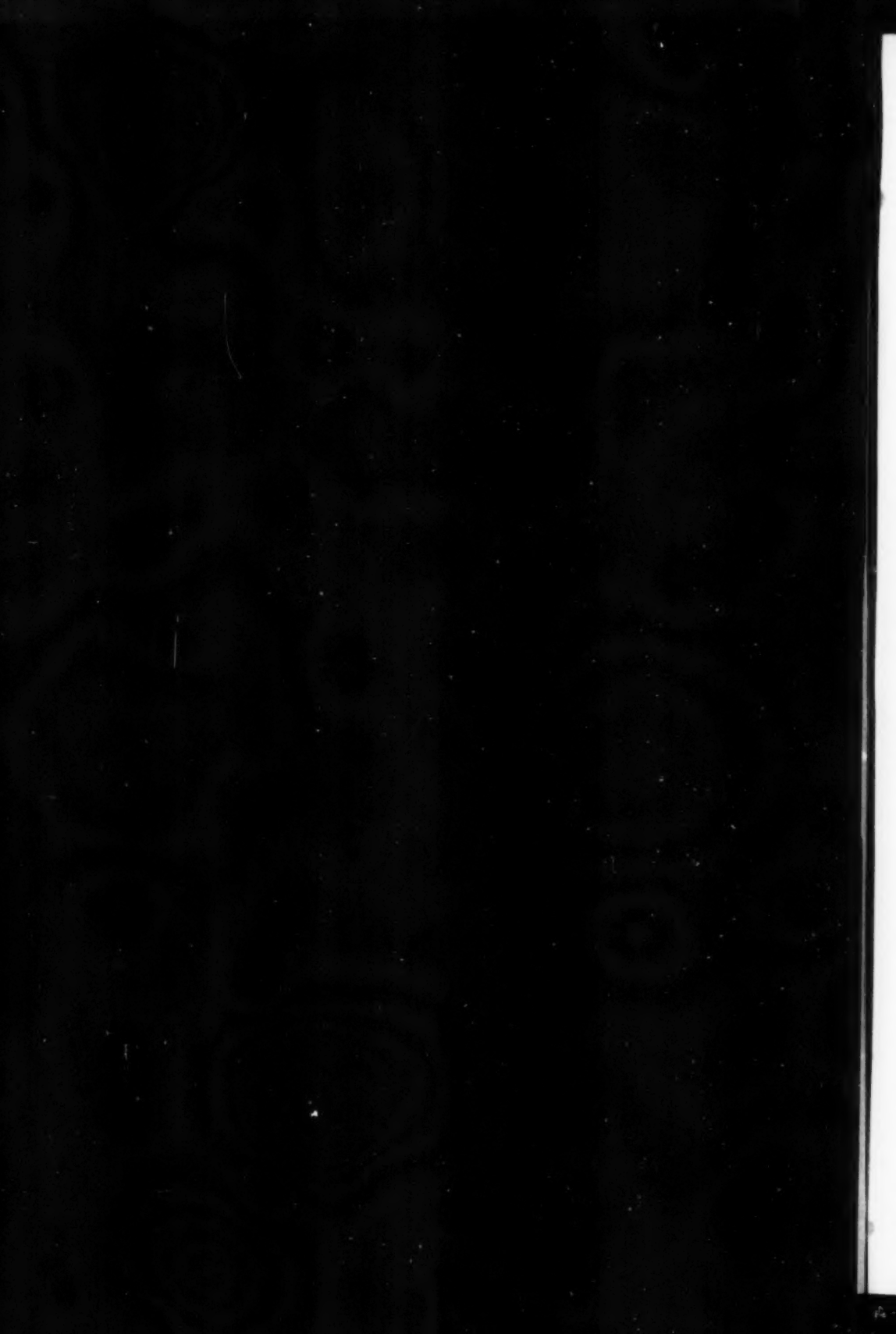
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THE LIVING AGE.

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A SONG.

Thine eyes in mine eyes
Swift though the flame dies
Each to each, mirror-wise,
Open infinities.

Freely without end
Light may the soul spend,
Rings of the pool blend;
So thou and I, friend.

Herbert Trench.

The Saturday Review.

THE ABBOT'S BEES.

In the warm garden to and fro
Goes Father Abbot, old and slow,
And reads his breviary, lifting oft
His mild eyes to the blue aloft.

He lays his finger in the page,
Sniffs at the sweets of thyme and sage,
Pauses beside the lavender,
Where bees hum in the scented air.

Close by in the midsummer day
His bearded monks are making hay,
Murmuring, as they pass each other,
"Praise be to Jesu!" "Amen, brother!"

The bees hum o'er the mignonette
And the white clover, still dew-wet,
And in a velvet troop together
Fly off to rifle the sweet heather.

The air is full of sleepiness,
The drone of insects and the bees,
The summer day nods unawares
As an old monk might at his prayers.

The windows of the novitiate
Are open ever, early and late;
And hear the voices, like the hum
The bees make in the honeycomb!

The tall lads, innocent and meek,
Gabble the Latin and the Greek.
"Now hear my bees in the clover-
blooms!"

He saith to the old monk who comes.

"Do you not hear them, Brother Giles?"
Listening with sidelong head he smiles.
"Giles, do you hear the novices,
That are the Lord's bees and my bees?"

Giles, do you hear them making honey
All through the scented hours and
sunny?

They will make honey many a day
When you and I are lapped in clay."

As though he heard the sweetest strain,
He smiles and listens, smiles again.
Monks in the meadow pass each other:
"Praise be to Jesu!" "Amen, brother."

Katharine Tynan.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE BRUMBIES.*

There are steeds upon many a Western
plain

That have never bowed to a bit or rein,
That have never tightened a trace or
chain.

They feed in the blue grass, fearless,
free

As the curbless wind on the bit-less
sea,

And the life they lead is a song to me.

For I know there are those in the
world to-day

Who are just such rebels at heart as
they,

Running, uncurbed in the brumby way.

Men that have never been bridle-bound,
Bitted or girthed to the servile round,
Men of the wide world's standing-
ground.

Who have wheeled to the Dawn: have
kept lone guard

When the soft Bush nights crept
golden-starred;

Rebels that never the world shall yard.

There is room on this earth for the toll-
ers too,

And some must draw where their
grandsires drew,

And some must lope on the trails anew.

But as long as the girth and the har-
ness scar,

As long as there's land unfenced and
far,

The wild mob feeds under moon and
star.

Will H. Ogilvie.

The Spectator.

* "Brumby": the Australian name for a wild horse.

HAVE WE THE GRIT OF OUR FOREFATHERS?

This is a question that all who love their country should ask themselves, for upon the answer depends not only the existence of the Empire, but also the very continuance of the British race as one of the dominant peoples of the world.

The writer of this article, whilst recognizing that the "grit" of our forefathers (to use an expressive and well understood, though perhaps not strictly classical, word) is to be found in its full strength and vigor amongst large numbers of our people, doubts whether it permeates the entire mass of the population in anything like the proportion it did, say, a hundred years ago. The writer understands by the word "grit" that virile spirit which makes light of pain and physical discomfort, and rejoices in the consciousness of victory over adverse circumstances, and which regards the performance of duty, however difficult and distasteful, as one of the supreme virtues of all true men and women. Having expressed this doubt, he will endeavor to justify it by pointing out some of the signs which appear to him indicative of a decadent spirit and of a lack of virility amongst portions of all classes of the community.

Let us give in this matter, as is right, due precedence to the ladies.

The deeds of former generations of British men and women, patent to all who read history, render it unnecessary to argue the possession by our ancestors of this virile spirit.

Do our women of the present day carry on the noble traditions of their forerunners in this respect? The word "duty" was as sacred to our grandmothers as it was to our grandfathers.

Duty demanded of a woman in former days that she should subordinate her own inclinations to those of her

parents and of her husband, and that in her conduct she should consider the interests of the State. She was taught that her first duty in life was to marry, and produce children who should carry on worthily the traditions of the family and of the race to which she belonged. Whilst unmarried she was trained in the virtues of obedience, respect for authority, endurance, and diligence in the prosecution of all household and domestic duties. She was expected to prepare herself for the married state. When married, honor demanded that she should face the obligations of the marriage tie and the sufferings and dangers of childbirth (ten times greater in her days than in ours) with as much coolness and courage as was expected of the man on the field of battle or in the presence of deadly peril.

Society was merciless to those of either sex who failed in the exhibition of courage in the face of their respective duties.

What is the attitude of some of the women of to-day towards these special duties and obligations of their sex? Is it not a fact that amongst the richer classes, at all events, some girls decline to marry unless their suitors are in a position to supply them with luxuries unheard of by their mothers? And have we not heard of girls marrying a man for his money, or his position, and then refusing to live with him?—an act of cold-blooded treachery and of heartless cruelty, which society should punish by a stern ostracism of the offender.

We know that the birth-rate is diminishing year by year. Does not this mean that women are showing the white feather, and are shirking one of the principal duties of their sex? Again, are the present generation of mothers

to be found as often in the nursery and in the schoolroom as their ancestors? I think not. The general complaint is that amongst the richer mothers the children are more and more being left to the care of governesses and nurses. The desire for pleasure and for personal ease seems to have taken firm hold of the minds of many well-to-do women, and to have driven out the maternal instincts. I do not say that the women of to-day are altogether lacking in physical or moral courage. To gratify her ambitions in the world of sport, or of society, the modern woman not infrequently displays a fine quality of endurance and great tenacity of purpose. The question is, Do the majority of the women of our nation exercise these same virtues of self-control and discipline in the performance of daily duties, both great and small?

The middle-class woman apes her fashionable sister. In former days the wife of the professional man took an active, personal, intelligent part in the management of her home. She was to be found in the kitchen, as well as in the nursery; she was careful of her husband's money, and did not attempt to vie with her social superiors. Now all this is altered. She must run in the same race as her fashionable sister, with perhaps only a tenth part of the latter's income, to the financial ruin of her husband and of his professional prospects. Not infrequently the husband also, imbued with the theory that "nothing succeeds like success," urges her to keep up the level of so-called smartness and style, in order to maintain the impression of his professional prosperity, and because he too enjoys the luxuries of good living, costly dressing, and frequent social pleasures.

The ever-increasing body of professional and of working women is perhaps less exposed to the dangers engendered by easy and sheltered living, but

even amongst a certain class of these there is a tendency to shirk any training which entails long and concentrated effort, and a happy-go-lucky impression prevails in some minds that general adaptability and native wit will enable them to seize the chances of life and steer themselves into a haven of comparative prosperity. The instability of much women's work, and the constant creation, through the whims of fashion and other causes, of new occupations, tend to develop a habit of lightly disregarding the performance of monotonous duties; while the demands made by class custom upon many professional women for extravagant dressing, and for the acquisition of the latest social accomplishment, create a love of luxury, of excitement, and of constant change, that seriously militates against the development of the more stable traits of character.

Let us descend again in the female social world.

Has not the modern domestic caught the fever of an easy life and of equality of condition? Is she to-day as solicitous of her employer's interest, as hardworking, as skilled in her profession, and as proud of it as the servant of former days?

Without being a pessimist I fear the answer to these questions cannot be truthfully given in the affirmative.

If there be some grain of truth in what I have said, is there not reason to inquire why the women of to-day take a less serious view of their duties than did those of former generations?

Let us now consider briefly the case of the men, and the attitude assumed by them in regard to duty. Do they possess the same measure of "grit" as their forefathers?

The writer desires to make no sweeping generalizations. He proudly acknowledges the splendid qualities of courage and of endurance displayed within recent years by large numbers

of Britons, both in peace and in war. He fully recognizes the heroic deeds of our soldiers, of our sailors, in action, and of our civilians in times of accident and of peril to life; nevertheless, he would ask whether it is not a fact that surrenders to the enemy without serious loss of life took place during the Boer war more frequently than it is agreeable to the patriot to hear about? In previous wars, when surrenders occurred, they were almost invariably in accordance with superior orders and after such serious loss of life as showed that ultimate success was a practicable impossibility. But in the Boer war some British soldiers are reported to have thrown down their arms without orders, and this on more than one occasion; and it is even said that a great surrender took place owing to a junior officer having raised the white flag without instructions. I do not like to dwell on this subject, as it may seem to cast a slur—which is the last thing I should desire to do—on an Army which I firmly believe to be still the equal in courage of any in the world.

Let us turn to the civil side of life.

It may be argued that our supremacy in the Olympic Games is sufficient proof of the healthy condition of our national qualities of pluck and endurance. I do not regard this as sufficient proof. The excellent results achieved by a few selected experts, who are subjected to long and severe training, is no guarantee that there is a high standard of physical efficiency and of courage among the people as a whole. Even in this realm of sport, dear as it is to the heart of the nation, there is an increasing tendency, among both rich and poor, to enjoy it as a spectacle rather than to take an active part in it, and there are large numbers of men who are far readier to criticize the "form" of some notable footballer or cricketer than they are to submit themselves to even the mild severities

of amateur training, or to take the rough and tumble of the game itself.

The writer is fully aware that large numbers of men are laboring steadily and honestly in their respective spheres for small and often most inadequate pittance without grumbling, content as long as they can worthily perform the tasks which duty demands of them; but is this the usual attitude of men towards the work of their lives? and do our men compare favorably in this respect with those of some other nations, such as the German and the Scandinavian?

The average Englishman is often too phlegmatic and heavy of brain to forecast the future with any detail. He is content to trust to inherited instincts of pluck and resource to pull him through all difficulties and adverse circumstances. He forgets that these same instincts of pluck and of resource were only developed in our forefathers by the hard and strenuous conditions of their daily lives, conditions which enforced the continual, not the occasional, use of these qualities.

The national and individual successes of former times, of which we are so proud to-day, were won by the unrelaxing "grip" which our ancestors, as a rule, kept on themselves in the performance of duty; and this was combined with an ever-watchful outlook on the future, and a foresight which was largely the result of the stern discipline of the day, which never failed to visit with instant and condign punishment any dereliction of duty, or even innocent failure in the execution of superior orders. We are justly proud of the victories of Nelson, but how many of us know or realize that he was constantly and untiringly, in all spare hours, preparing himself and his captains for every possible contingency of naval warfare? The battle of the Nile was mentally won before ever it took place, yet most Englishmen attribute

it to the brilliant genius of the moment. Pluck and quick-wittedness are invaluable national assets, but they cannot be maintained without frequent daily use, much less can they be retained at that high level of perfection at which we are wont to estimate them if their use be relegated solely to the emergencies of life.

The German works longer hours, takes fewer holidays, and often spends his leisure in perfecting himself in his business, with the result that he is cutting out our men in many spheres of life. Whilst the young Englishman's head is filled with thoughts of sport, and that far too often from the point of view of the spectator rather than of a participant, the German is gaining knowledge which will avail to advance him in his profession. The waste places of the earth used formerly to be colonized by the Briton; now he finds the labor of subduing nature too severe for his enfeebled energies, and settles in the towns, leaving the health-giving tillage of the virgin soil of new countries to the hardier races, whose minds and muscles have been strengthened by discipline and who recognize the nobility attached to strenuous labor.

Labor in the present day is a thing to be avoided—not to be proud of. It is a disagreeable necessity, which must be made as short and as easy as possible, compatible with the earning of the daily bread-and-butter.

The substitution of the limited company for the old-fashioned private business tends to make men less conscientious in regard to the service they give to their firm of employers. The managing director of a company is not so severe a taskmaster as the head of a private firm—he has not so much at stake, either financially or in the matter of commercial reputation; and neither is there the same incentive to work hard for the benefit of an impersonal body of shareholders as there

is for an individual master. Hence the feeling arises that it is sufficient if just enough attention be given to business to prevent the possibility of dismissal, and that nothing more can be demanded. Surely this is a deplorable attitude of mind, and one far removed from the mental "grit" of our forefathers, and incompatible with their stern regard for duty. Whilst other nations commence work at five and six o'clock in the morning, and even earlier in summer, in the West End of London no business can be transacted before nine or ten in the morning. So engrained are our idle habits that, hopeless of being able to induce the present generation to change its hours, Parliament has, through one of its Committees, approved of a Bill to legalize the alteration of the clock on certain dates, so as to induce people to rise earlier than they are accustomed to do by making them believe that the hour is later than it really is. Can anything show more clearly than does the discussion of such a Bill how idleness has eaten into the bone of some portions of our people; for, of course, if of our own free will we chose to rise earlier in the morning, no legislation would be necessary.

No other nation maintains an army of paupers out of the enforced taxation of the industrious. No other State provides hotel accommodation gratis for those of its citizens who dislike work and prefer to roam from workhouse to workhouse and enjoy, at the expense of their hard-working neighbors, the delights of the country in the summer. With such facilities for idleness it is not astonishing that Great Britain can show a larger number of idle men living on the industry of others than any other country in the world. These men claim to be unemployed, but, as John Burns is reputed to have said—and he ought to know—"their one prayer on rising, if they ever pray, is

that they may not find work that day."

It has been ascertained that in ordinary times amongst these men the proportion of genuine unemployed who are both able and willing to work is only about 3 or 4 per cent., the others being either physically incapable of work or idle scoundrels living on their fellows.

Slackness is not, however, confined to the poorer classes; it is found also amongst the richer, amongst those who have been enervated by a faulty upbringing, usually connected with luxurious living. There is an increasing difficulty in finding amongst the leisured classes men willing to work without remuneration for the public benefit and in philanthropic enterprises. It is a very general complaint that as the older generation of hardworking men of leisure die off it is difficult to replace them.

There appears to be a general slackness amongst all classes of our population in regard to the performance of duty—a slackness which is weakening to the moral fibre and is one of the most potent signs of lack of "grit" amongst the young.

Pleasure is the god—self-indulgence the object aimed at. Large numbers of men and women seem to have but one aim, namely, enjoyment of the largest amount of so-called pleasure with the smallest amount of labor. As a matter of fact, these people never really obtain the object of their desire, for they never taste of genuine pleasure, which declines to be divorced from that honest labor which is the true source of its keenest delights.

But is this right? Can a nation flourish under these conditions? Remember that our Empire has been obtained by hard struggle and our commercial position by indomitable pluck. Is it likely that we shall be permitted to retain these except through the strength of our own right arms and by

the power of well-trained brains? We are face to face with hardworking competitors who have been taught in the home and in the school to subordinate self to the demands of duty, and who have received the most careful and intelligent and well-considered training in all branches of knowledge. In Germany and in Scandinavia nothing in the training of youth is left to chance, and this training is compulsorily continued until the man or woman attains adult age. We permit the children of our working and industrial classes to leave school at thirteen, or even at twelve years of age, we teach them little that is of practical use to them during these few years, and then, after spending millions, we turn them loose into the streets, free from all control, and wash our hands of them. The boys have learnt no trade, the girls can neither cook, wash, nor make their own garments unless the materials are cut out for them. They cannot even scrub properly, and are unwilling to do what they consider menial work. A helpless crew, which soon becomes a hopeless one. They can only become errand boys and girls. In a few years they grow too old for this; they are dismissed, and are left stranded in the world. Undisciplined, untrained, with their heads filled with notions of their own importance, and unable and unwilling to work with their hands, is it astonishing that our streets are filled with armies of incapables who call themselves the unemployed? And this is the way we are content to raise an Imperial race destined to rule, save the mark! one-fifth of the human race!

Will our rulers, our education committees, and the general public never learn that they are manufacturing incapables and paupers by a system of education which treats all alike, whatever may be their future callings in life, and which turns out annually thousands of boys who know no useful art

or trade or occupation, and of girls who when they marry know nothing about the care and feeding of babies, the management of a home, and all those useful arts so necessary to a housewife—girls who are deplorably ignorant of the elementary knowledge, as essential for women as for men, that what cannot be paid for must, in the long run, be gone without, and who imagine consequently, with appalling vagueness, that a home and family can be maintained on the slenderest income and one which shows little prospect of future increase or even of permanence?

Poor children, they are to be pitied! From earliest years they learn that what they want, that they must have, even if it be procured through the agency of the pawnshop, the hire-purchase system, or by the squandering of the family capital. Familiarity with debt, the common use of materials morally not their own because not paid for, and the withholding of no desired pleasures, familiarize these boys and girls with a most unseemly side of life and seriously blunt their moral sensibilities.

In former days the children of their age could neither read nor write, but they had been trained to labor each in his own sphere. They were not made unhappy by being given a smattering of knowledge which must necessarily be useless to ninety out of a hundred; they could generally earn their bread-and-butter, and a hard discipline had placed "grit" into their systems, so that the inevitable sufferings of life were borne by them, as a rule, with a light and even cheerful heart. Troubles and hardships which were the daily lot of previous generations seem to the enfeebled folks of to-day as unbearable. Hence the immense increase of suicides. We even hear of children committing this crime, a thing unheard of in former days. What is the cause, and what is to be the cure for this un-

happy condition of affairs and for the lack of "grit" in portions of our population? There are many causes and no one cure. Luxury, the spread of a false humanitarianism, and the consequent decay of discipline, are amongst the causes.

The rapidity of legislative, scientific, and other economic changes produces the feeling that there is now little stability in even the most venerated institutions, traditions and enterprises; consequently, that it is not worth while to build a career on too solid a foundation.

I do not propose to suggest any one cure, but there are some steps which those of us who are parents might take to counteract the enfeebling influences. To begin with, I maintain that no training is so effective in producing this desired "grit" as strict and unquestioned discipline in the earliest years, enforced if necessary by what used to be called the wholesome "encouragement of a slipper." In addition to this, can we not surround our children with an atmosphere of order, and teach them steady and cheerful obedience to duty, instead of allowing them to hear from their elders expressions of impatience and annoyance at the intrusions of private and public duty. By training them from the earliest years to be conscious of the calm, quiet, but ever-industrious processes of nature, and of the inevitable consequences of infringements of her wise laws, can we not imbue them with a deep-rooted knowledge of the necessity of obedience to law and order and of diligence as the very conditions of life itself, enforcing these lessons with a kind but firm discipline in the events of their daily lives?

Is it not possible to give in our schools some definite instruction as to the importance of the processes of thought and of their effects upon both character and physique? Will not a knowledge of the consequences of slov-

enly, inaccurate, and unwise thought (so often engendered in girls by constant novel-reading and unrestricted indulgence in pleasure), of continual disregard of duty, and of slackness of personal discipline, induce these children to submit willingly to a stricter régime, and minimize the prevailing sense of rebellion against what sometimes may seem to them the senseless dictates of those in authority? If we could but add to this knowledge a sense of the infinite importance of our human inheritance and of the short time we have at our disposal in which to work out our individual and national education, should we not then have given our young men and women a sound foundation of quiet, disciplined strength, on which we could trust them to build year by year the structure of noble character? Surely we may see that our children, whatever their station in life, are taught to use their hands, so that they may be able under any reverse of fortune to fend for themselves. By setting them tasks slightly beyond their capabilities we can strengthen by struggle their mental and physical powers and give "grit" to their moral natures. We can give them a taste of the exquisite happiness which follows victory over difficulties, and so prevent them from regarding failure with a benumbing sense of depression.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

There is a danger lest the too carefully educated children of the present day shall have their mental and manual progress so scientifically graduated that they fail to learn the necessity for that vital effort which alone makes achievements of value. We must so train them that the inevitable mistakes and failures of later years may call forth a quality of dogged persistence, instead of resulting in depression and consternation. We can bring up the children in a more Spartan-like manner, so that the lack of luxuries and comforts may not appear as evils beyond the endurance of man, and that when they go forth into the world they may be accustomed to hard work and to the pressure of subordination, and not make themselves miserable by striking against the inevitable pricks of life. We can, in short, remember, in the nursery and in the home, the words of one of the wisest of men who said, "The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame," and we can each of us in his own domestic circle, by example and by precept, preach the gospel of discipline, of duty and of endurance, and thus give to a generation unborn, or just born, that "grit" which would appear to be lacking in so large a number of the young men and women of to-day.

Meath.

PLAYS OF THE NEW SEASON.

Thanks to Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his coadjutors—this order probably expresses the incidence of responsibility—many of us have been rubbing up our *Faust* of late, and finding in the "Vor-spiel auf dem Theater" a statement for all time of the conditions, and especially of the drawbacks, of theatrical art. A line-by-line commentary on this little masterpiece of wit and wis-

dom would form a complete manual of dramatic criticism. Though well over a century old, the verses might have been written yesterday, and with special reference to London. They do not, indeed, exhaust the situation. Goethe omits to set down, among the conditions hostile to art, the despotism of a hampering and humiliating Censorship; nor could he foresee the action

of a time-serving Press in reinforcing public stupidity by placing all its powers of advertisement at the service of those entertainments which seem to possess, in their brainless pretentiousness, an initial claim on the affections of the mob. The incompetence of his day had not entered into an unholy alliance with cynicism to fool the gaping public to the top of its bent. The conflict between upward and downward tendencies was at that time less marked, the forces were less organized; but they were all there, and are duly catalogued. This prelude might be called an Essay on Man in his relation to the theatre.

The famous line in which the Poet sums up the impulses of his own soul, may also be said to sum up the natural impulses of a rightly constituted theatrical public. At the root of our love for the theatre lie:—

Der Drang nach Wahrheit, und die
Lust am Trug,

—the thirst for truth and the delight in illusion. It is in the just balance of these impulses that the health of the public mind consists; and the sound critic should, in this respect, represent the public mind in a state of perfect equilibrium. A narrow and exclusive worship of truth is, perhaps, a more fundamental error than a total forgetfulness of its rights and claims. For the theatre is, after all, the realm of illusion: the begetting of illusion is its peculiar privilege, and the task to which all its mechanism is addressed. Only in illusion, indeed, is truth possible: for raw truth, dumped on the stage, is no longer true. But it was not illusion of reality that the Poet had in mind when he wrote of "die Lust am Trug." He was thinking of illusions of delightful unreality; and these too—these most of all, perhaps—are within the legitimate province of the theatre. Nor need they be all illusive. There

are many forms of truth that touch us most intimately when presented in a medium of fantasy; and to banish all art that does not aim at the portrayal of undiluted fact would be to restrict not only the delightfulness of the theatre, but its social usefulness. If, in the English drama, truth is apt to come off second best, let us redress the balance by directly reinforcing it, not by seeking to curtail the rights of fantasy.

These are the reflections suggested to me on encountering, at the outset of the new season, two such fantasies as Mr. J. M. Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows* and Mr. J. K. Jerome's *Passing of the Third Floor Back*, and on finding one of them branded, by a critic of high credit and renown, as a "worthless play."

I.

"*What Every Woman Knows*," says H. W. M. in the *Nation*, "would be described as a worthless play in every centre of European criticism but London." Very possibly; but I submit that the international standard here adopted is utterly and conspicuously inapplicable. It would be madness to transport Mr. Barrie's comedy to any other "centre of criticism," except, perhaps, New York; and it may very likely prove too local even for America. But is this necessarily a demerit? Assuredly not. The idea that "art has no frontiers," a half-truth in every application, is not even a half-truth in relation to the drama. Exportability is an advantage that some of the greatest plays in the world's literature share with some of the smallest, and that many excellent plays, in virtue of their very excellence, do not possess at all. *Hamlet* and *Charley's Aunt* are the most exportable plays England has produced; and in point of popularity *Hamlet* probably comes in a bad second. Of Mr. Shaw's plays, the trivial *Arms and the Man* has had a world-wide career,

whereas not even the Americans would listen to the best thing he has ever done—namely, *John Bull's Other Island*. Mr. Barrie's comedy has a somewhat similar localism. Both pieces play around our familiar conceptions or misconceptions of the differences of character in different parts of these islands: Mr. Shaw's, certainly with a more penetrating criticism, but Mr. Barrie's with a humor which, to me, I confess, is irresistible. Mr. Massingham not only resists, but resents, its appeal: in other words, his taste in humor is somewhat violently different from Mr. Barrie's and mine. Well, here we come upon one of the very differences of national character with which the play is concerned. The only surprising thing is that Mr. Barrie and I seem to have a good many thousand Englishmen on our side.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Barrie's art in *What Every Woman Knows* aims at illusion rather than truth. The charm of his fable—the "charrum," as his heroine would say—lies, not in its probability, but its quaint improbability. We yield ourselves up, for two hours and a half, to the whim of an enchanter who conjures up before us, not life as it is, but life as it is pleasant to imagine it. What can be more agreeably unreal, for instance, than the first act, with its knowledge-stealing housebreaker, and its preposterous, yet stolidly matter-of-fact, contract of marriage! The thing is an Arabian Night's adventure transferred to a Scottish village, and all the more pleasing for the incongruity between the fantastic incidents and the air of everyday realism which the playwright imparts to them. So, too, with the main action, to which this first scene serves as a prologue. The idea is that of *Divorçons!* turned the other way about—the wife applying to the husband's aberration the same reduction to absurdity which, in Sardou's play, the husband

applies to the wife's. One may at a pinch admit that such a little miracle of cleverness as Mr. Barrie's heroine might conceivably attempt this daring course; but it is not as a probability that we accept her action, but as a pleasing improbability. Equally improbable, and equally pleasing, is the way in which her calculations work out, with never a hitch, to a successful issue. Everywhere life is cunningly manipulated, slightly thrown out of focus, so as to beget in the audience a mood of smiling make-believe. Not truth, but the pleasure implied in this mood, is the author's primary aim; and an austere criticism may, of course, refuse to yield to the mood, or to find any pleasure in it. "Give me plain credibility," the critic may insist, "or I won't play!" This would doubtless have been the attitude of John Shand himself, had he taken to dramatic criticism.

But would it have been a wise attitude? I think not. It would have shown the critic insensitive, for the moment at any rate, not only to an innocent form of pleasure, but to a great deal of the very truth which he so sternly demands. For improbability is by no means synonymous with untruth. It is the fable which purports to be true, but which insidiously or stupidly falsifies life, that really calls for critical indignation. Mr. Barrie's fable, on the other hand, is manifestly unreal as a whole, and yet contains and conveys a great deal of truth. It is a fantasy worked out of materials supplied by keen, and shrewd, and subtle observation. There are a hundred details which give us a double pleasure: we first enjoy the ingenuity with which they are woven into the general pattern, and then we see that this ingenuity would have been thrown away had they not been essentially true to begin with. Details apart, however, there is both truth and significance in

the characters of John Shand and Maggie. I doubt whether John's superb self-confidence be really a characteristic trait of the Scotchman of to-day. I fancy most of that breed of Scots must have emigrated to America, where they and their descendants abound. But as a type of "dour" and smileless egotism John is memorably good. One can quite well imagine him bringing home a conviction of sin to some of the less inveterate specimens of his type. As for Maggie, it would, of course, be absurd to call her a typical character; yet to call her impossible would be to argue Mr. Barrie himself impossible. For she is in many ways a feminine—a quite genuinely feminine—reincarnation of her author. He has superadded to a strong, womanly nature his own wonderfully rapid, inventive brain and gift of quiet penetration. Who shall say that the combination may not be, or has not been?

My undercurrent of feeling as I sat through *What Every Woman Knows* ran exactly counter to Mr. Massingham's. Instead of placing myself at a cosmopolitan point of view, I was all the time thanking the stars which made the work of this individual and delightful humorist part of my insular birthright. This was no deliberate reaction against Mr. Massingham's view: indeed, I had not then read his article. Quite spontaneously, the thought again and again flitted across my mind, "Whatever the advantages of the Frenchmen and the Germans, here is a peculiarly English form of art which they might well envy us—if they could understand it." One point, however, I must concede to Mr. Massingham: the title is weak, and the joke which justifies it is weaker still. True, it is not presented as a brilliant epigram, but rather as a desperate effort on Maggie's part to suit her humor to John's comprehension. Dramatically, then, it is defensible; but even dramatically it is not good enough to

justify the prominence into which it is thrown as the last line of the play, and the key to the title.

II.

Still more obviously than Mr. Barrie's play is Mr. Jerome's "Idle Fancy," *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, an appeal to our love of pleasant illusion. It is quite frankly a miracle-play; or perhaps, in the technical language of the historians of literature, it should rather be called a mystery. Yet it is nearer to real life than Mr. Barrie's comedy. Mr. Jerome's mind moves straightforwardly, while Mr. Barrie's is always flying off at unexpected tangents. Mr. Barrie's humor skips along quaint and nimble by-paths of its own making; Mr. Jerome's pursues the well-beaten track marked out by his great precursor, Charles Dickens. To say this is to imply a limitation, but by no means a reproach. There are (to adapt a metaphor of Mr. Swinburne's) many gulfs of that ocean which we call Dickens, and some of them are well worth an occasional visit. *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* resembles nothing so much as a Dickens Christmas book, and one which the Master need not have disdained to sign. If not very profound in its criticism of life, it is excellent in its kindness, its temperance, and its tact. If not a great work of art it is at any rate a good deed.

The idea might have been—though it probably was not—suggested by a work of an apparently quite different class: Mr. Wells's *In the Days of the Comet*. Mr. Wells, again, might have been—but probably was not—inspired by a phrase of Ibsen's, to the effect that what the world requires is not political revolutions, but "a revolution of the spirit of man." Ibsen, again, might have read—though he certainly did not—an ironic essay by the late James Thomson showing that world-reform

would be the simplest thing possible, if only every one would begin by reforming himself. In Mr. Wells's book, as we all remember, this re-fashioning of the individual, this straightening out of the knots and tangles in human nature arising from foolish habits, irrational prejudices and futile egoisms, is effected by a chemical change in the brain-stuff of humanity due to the inhalation of the green vapor of a wandering comet. This astral machinery, applied to theatrical purposes, would be cumbrous and undramatic; so we need not wonder that Mr. Jerome, wishing to effect a like regeneration, has recourse, not to a wandering comet, but to a wandering saint. He introduces us to a shabby London boarding-house, peopled by "a Cheat (the landlady), a Slut (the maid-of-all-work), a Painted Lady, a Shrew, a Snob, a Bully, a Hussy, a Satyr, a Coward, a Rogue, and a Cad." Into this welter of pilfering, and wrangling, and backbiting, snobbery, selfishness, and sensuality, there enters a casual Passer-by. He brings with him no green vapor, no nimbus, no aureole—but an aura. He is grave, courteous, unassuming, at first sight unremarkable; but whatever is good in human nature turns to him as the sunflower to the sun; and when he passes on from his "third floor back," he leaves behind him nothing but mutual kindness and forbearance, honesty and courage and clean living and love. This Passer-by is nowhere named, and he is played by Mr. Forbes Robertson in slightly old-fashioned modern dress, with practically no make-up; but it is not doubtful that he is supposed to be Jesus Christ, conceived, quite apart from theology, in the spirit of that wonderfully modern line of Dekker's: "The first true gentleman that ever breathed." This was a daring experiment, and might easily have led to disaster. I confess I went to the theatre with many misgivings,

which were not lessened by my recollections of a play of somewhat similar theme, to which all New York was flocking a few months ago. But Mr. Jerome has most skilfully steered clear of all rocks of offence—of pretentiousness, sanctimoniousness, insincerity. Undoubtedly his work is sentimental, but with an honest, sane, never maudlin sentimentality. This is not art for art's sake, but art for humanity's sake; and Mr. Jerome deserves our thanks, not, indeed, for a masterpiece, but for a benefaction.

A more strenuous spirit might have carried the fable a little further, and shown how nine-tenths of the moral squalor of Mrs. Sharpe's establishment arose from the pressure of iniquitous economic conditions. Mr. Jerome, however, was well within his rights in making his play an appeal to human kindness, with no polemical afterthought.

III.

Those playgoers who are attracted by *Idols*, at the Garrick Theatre, must certainly have suffered their "Lust am Trug" to devour and annihilate their "Drang nach Wahrheit." Mr. Roy Horniman, the author of the play, or, rather, the adapter of Mr. W. J. Locke's novel, has given some proof of ability; but here he has unhappily gone off on a wrong track.

The play, to tell the truth, is of a curious and complex badness—a bad specimen of a bad school. I think it worth while to speak thus emphatically, because it would save authors a great deal of labor, and managers a great deal of money, if they would but realize that the day for this sort of thing is past. To imagine a bizarre and wildly improbable situation, and then to devote infinite pains to the adjustment of the springs and levers and cogwheels of an elaborate and lifeless mechanism for leading up to the one start-

ling tableau, is precisely the wrong way to set about play-writing in the twentieth century. The effects attainable by this method were pretty well exhausted by Sardou and his disciples in the 'seventies and 'eighties. Any aftermath they may have left behind is certainly not worth gathering in. The clockwork almost always goes wrong (as in this case) and does not really and logically bring about the detonation; and even when the machine works to perfection, its lifelessness is patent to a public long familiar with all the tricks of the trade.

The problem is to devise a reason for a woman standing up in a court of law, and, in the presence of the husband she loves, falsely declaring herself the mistress of another man. This is truly a surprising act of heroism—how is it to be led up to? Of course, the man for whom she sacrifices her reputation must be on trial for his life, and of course he must be innocent—that is quite elementary. But what must be her motive for the sacrifice? Clearly gratitude: and it must not be gratitude on her own behalf (that would be much less sympathetic) but on behalf of her husband. There can be no doubt, then, that the Other Man must have saved the husband's life. Nor will the ordinary rescue from drowning meet the occasion: a special act of self-devotion is required, involving an unusually complicated Alpine accident. This settled, it remains to arrange the murder of which the Other Man is to be accused, and the reasons which make him unable to prove an alibi. There is only one such reason recognized in theatrical ethics—a lady's honor must be at stake. But here a difficulty presents itself: if the Other Man was really engaged in an illicit intrigue, the great heart of the British Public will not go out to him. Then he must be secretly married to the lady in question; but if they are married

why should he risk the gallows rather than confess where he was at the critical moment? The dilemma is awkward; but the author is equal to it. There is still a last resource in the bag of tricks—"An oath! an oath! I have an oath in heaven!" The Other Man, we are to conceive, has secretly married the daughter of a Jew money-lender, and having done so, learns that Shylock would rather see his Jessica confined at his feet than married to a Gentile—nay, more, that he has made a will disinheriting her should she ever contract such an alliance. Lorenzo thereupon steals to Jessica's chamber to break this news to her; and she, having long ceased to love him, makes him swear an oath that their marriage shall be as though it had not been, and shall never be revealed to any human soul. At the very time when this interview is in progress, Shylock is murdered by a discharged servant—and there you have the whole material for your trial-scene.

But, as I said, all this intricate clockwork does not after all cause the detonation. In the first place such evidence as there is against the Other Man is not sufficient to hang a dog; in the second place, supposing the evidence sufficient to hang him, the alibi is glaringly insufficient to get him off. He might perfectly well have murdered Shylock before going to Jessica's room; the fact of his having been there from midnight to 4 a.m. would not in the least prove his innocence. That, however, is not the view of the Court: it is agreed on all hands that if he can show where he was during the small hours of that night he must be acquitted; wherefore the heroine (the wife of the husband whose life he saved) rises at the appropriate juncture and says, "He was in my arms!"

This notable situation brings the third act to a close. If we accept all the creaking machinery and admit the pos-

sibility of the lady's action, we must also admit that the resulting conjuncture of affairs is curious and not uninteresting. What will the husband do? What is to be the effect on their after lives of this amazing achievement of hers? We have had reason to suspect that the husband, like our old friend M. Perrichon rather resents the burden of the gratitude he owes to his preserver, and thinks his wife's enthusiasm for the Other Man very much exaggerated. In what light will he now view her heroic perjury? As a matter of fact, he comes home in a towering passion, vows that he believes she simply told the truth in order to save her lover, and comports himself, in short, like a mixture of Helmer in *A Doll's House* and Guido in *Monna Vanna*. Here certainly, one feels, for the first time in the play, a certain touch of character, and a mild interest as to what is to come of it all. What does come of it is a sorry flash in the pan. The Other Man, released from durance, looks in and tells them in confidence where he really was. Without a moment's hesitation the husband believes him; and without a moment's hesitation the wife forgets the horrible insight she has just had into the arid egoism of her husband's character, so that the curtain falls on a tender reconciliation. How they are to face the world after she has proclaimed herself an adulteress is a question they do not go into. I should have thought it the one interesting problem arising out of the whole preposterous imbroglio.

Against such a play the indictment of falsity is relevant and crushing. Pretending to depict real life, it sacrifices truth at every turn to an elaborately engineered and yet incredible situation.

IV.

It would seem that *Faust* is destined, in the slang of the day, to be one of the

hardy annuals of the era of long-run actor-management. We have had three long-run actor-managers who found the staple of their work in picturesque drama; and each of the three has produced his version of *Faust*. Charles Kean's production was very popular; Sir Henry Irving's was the great financial success of his career; and Mr. Tree's promises to rank high among the "treasury pieces," as the Germans call them, in the repertory of His Majesty's Theatre. And still another characteristic have all these productions in common—they have won their success in the face of the harshest treatment by almost all critics save those who merely record the verdict of the public. How are we to account for this avidity of the many and distaste of the critical few?

The theme of *Faust* is a late off-shoot (I take it) of the ugly and puerile mediæval mythology of witchcraft, wherein Satan is reduced to a pettifogging adventurer, who goes about, not like a roaring lion, but like a rather incompetent recruiting-sergeant, taking infinite pains to bribe or overreach some one poor worthless soul, and very often baffled even at his own paltry trade. This particular legend first comes within our ken as a chap-book or a puppet-show, and immediately gains enormous popularity. Marlowe makes of it a rough-and-tumble folk-play, immortalized by some purple patches of poetry, but accepted as a great work of art only by the wildest Elizabethan enthusiasts. On the German stage the legend maintains its hold as a popular "Haupt und Staats-Action" under the alluring title of *The Flagitious Life and Horrifying Death of the World-Renowned Arch-Magician, Dr. Johann Faust*. Several playwrights of the "Sturm und Drang" period try to lift it into the region of literature; until at last Goethe seizes upon it and transmutes it into a vast philosophical drama, setting it

in a framework borrowed from the Book of Job, throwing in a commonplace story of seduction and child-murder, and for the rest using it, during half his lifetime, as a sort of scrap-book for odds and ends of thought, imagination, satire, whim, gnomic and lyric poetry. Even of the First Part of *Faust* (and much more of the Second Part) this is no unfair description; but the essential point is that, by the incomparable beauty of his treatment, the poet raised the commonplace seduction story to the very summits of literature. His Gretchen is certainly one of the supreme creations of the world's drama, and the scenes in which she figures are things of ever-fresh and ever-living beauty. Very soon, on the German stage, these scenes came to be represented, along with selected portions of their satiric-philosophic setting. In 1850 a Gallicized version of the seduction story was produced in Paris; and this formed the basis both of Charles Kean's adaptation and of Gounod's opera. The latter-day vogue of the theme, outside of Germany, is certainly due in the main to the musical setting. There is much significance in the anecdote of the Frenchman who, hearing a German speak of Goethe's *Faust*, put him right as to the author's name: "We pronounce it 'Gounod.'"

What, then, are the elements of the piece as it now comes to us? They are three: (1) A silly old chap-book story of a conjurer who sold himself to the devil; (2) a desultory attempt by a great poet to impart philosophic meaning to the theme; (3) a commonplace seduction story glorified by the touch of genius. But in transference to the English stage, what happens? The touch of genius (consisting mainly in the exquisite lyric beauty of the writing) necessarily disappears, leaving only the commonplace painfulness of the incidents; the philosophy is cut

down to a few fragmentary, insincere, meaningless phrases; and the vulgar diablerie resumes its pristine place as the great popular attraction. I doubt whether any candid critic will maintain that even the ordinary *Faust* of the German stage is a satisfactory work of art. It is true that considerable portions of the philosophic scenes are spoken, and that the rhymes give to the dialogue that all pervasive tinge of irony and caprice which is lost in the stolid solemnity of our English blank-verse. But it is impossible for any theatrical audience to place itself accurately at the poet's point of view, which was unquestionably above and aloof from the machinery of the story. He played with his mechanism, using it to the most fantastic and whimsical ends, and doing all in his power to show that he regarded it as a mere framework for his thought, and a thing of little or no inherent value. But on the stage he has inevitably the air of presenting a definite and rounded philosophy of life in terms of a ridiculous popular manicheanism. And if this is the case even in the German stage version, it is ten times more clearly the case in an English adaptation which omits from the philosophic scenes nineteen-twentieths of their matter and all the iridescence of their style.

Mr. Tree, in his manifesto on "The Message of Faust," picks out as the "Leitmotif" of the play Mephistopheles' line, "I will the evil, I achieve the good"; and, in truth, some such facile optimism is generally thought to disengage itself from the fable. But even if this could be taken as a just account of the struggle between the powers of darkness and of light, how does the action illustrate it? With what I cannot but call a grievous insincerity. So far as the life of earth is concerned, Mephistopheles achieves all the evil he can reasonably desire, in the miserable death of Margaret's mother, her

brother, her child, and herself. He plays with the utmost possible success upon the passion, prejudice, and inhumanity of man. What ensues on the other side is entirely arbitrary and devoid of dramatic logic. The redemption of Margaret implies that heaven is a little less cruel than earth, but it is in no sense a result of Mephistopheles' action. Margaret would presumably have gone to heaven even if she had not been seduced. She arrives there, in effect, not because Mephistopheles' policy defeated itself (as the "Leitmotif" would require) but because a higher power intervened to defeat it. As for Faust, the idea which most people seem to carry away from stage-versions of the play is that he is saved through the superabundant merits, or the intercession, or, quite vaguely, through the "love," of Margaret. This idea of the redemption of man through the infinite devotion of woman became a commonplace of romanticism and haunted the mind even of Ibsen in his romantic period. If it is to be accepted, we may find in it a certain justification of Mr. Tree's "Leitmotif"; for in making Margaret the victim of Faust, Mephistopheles provided him with the intercessor who was ultimately to rescue him, and thus "willing the evil, achieved the good." But the idea of the redemption of the man through the woman does not seem to be Goethe's idea at all. It would appear to be founded on a misunderstanding (not inexcusable, I admit) of the last scene of the Second Part of *Faust*. The one thing quite certain is that the angels who bear Faust's immortal part to heaven ascribe his salvation to works, not to grace:—

Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen.

And this, oddly enough, is the view of the matter explicitly adopted by Messrs. Phillips and Carr in their adaptation,

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wherein they make Faust express his intention of pursuing a life of beneficence, in the threefold form of sick-nursing, engineering, and peace propaganda.¹ It may be possible to reconcile this conception with the "Leitmotif"—arguing that if Mephistopheles had not thrown Margaret in Faust's path he would never have had the strength to work out his own salvation. But what are we to think of the dramatic, or even the moral, value of this baffling of the powers of evil, in the last three minutes of the play, through Faust's mere expression of a desire to reform? Mephistopheles might aptly have quoted an adage which must have been tolerably familiar to him—"Hell is paved with good intentions." Read it how we may, and manipulate it how we may, the ethical significance of the action remains either utterly false or hopelessly obscure. This is what comes of presenting, in the hard light of the theatre, snippets from a great patchwork phantasmagory of poetry, metaphysics, and caprice.

At His Majesty's, then, we have the seduction-story robbed of its exquisite lyric vesture; the philosophy reduced to meaningless shreds and tatters; and the good old mediæval diablerie helped out by the mechanical appliances of the modern stage. This it is, without a doubt, which renders *Faust* perennially attractive to the great child-public, and correspondingly irritating to those who have, in a theatrical sense, arrived at years of discretion. I confess myself one of these unhappy persons. "No more, no more, ah, nevermore, on me," shall Mr. Tree, in scarlet, posing in a ruby limelight, produce the slightest il-

¹ May it be mine to watch the couch of pain . . .
To him that faints in cities to bring dew,
To drain the marshland, circumscribe the sea . . .

And warring peoples to persuade to peace.
It is noteworthy that these lines do not occur in the printed book, but only in Mr. Tree's manifesto; and they are certainly spoken on the stage. They would seem then to be an afterthought—an attempt to rationalise a transaction felt to be hopelessly obscure.

lusion of Satanic Majesty, or even of diabolic cynicism and wit. No array of terms can express the indifference with which I see Mephistopheles "shrink and cower" at sight of the Cross, or close his ears and dance about in agony at the sound of the church-bells. (Does Mr. Tree perform the latter manœuvre? I really forget. It was one of Sir Henry Irving's greatest effects, and there seems to be no reason why Mr. Tree should eschew it.) Ladders spilling flames, pens and swords sparkling with electricity, witches riding through the air, showers of glittering gold-foil, and even transparencies in which lovely ladies recline in picture post-card attitudes—all these portents and marvels leave me inexpressibly cold. But the public delights in them, and I am far from quarrelling with its innocent pleasure. I am only trying, in a spirit of scientific curiosity to discover why an entertainment of such respectable parentage and such proved fascination for the masses, should be so very much the reverse of fascinating to people who look for a certain amount of intellectual satisfaction in their theatre-going.

In the matter of mounting, Mr. Tree has simply followed the Lyceum tradition, liberally and ably, indeed, but with no innovation of much importance. The production is neither better nor worse than Sir Henry Irving's: it stands on the same plane of theatrical art. There was, indeed, a certain novelty in the attempt to convey some slight suggestion of the Prologue in Heaven; but its pictorial effect, poor at best, was fatally marred by the selection of three charming young ladies to represent the Archangels Raphael, Gabriel, and Michael. Surely, surely something better than this might have been attempted. For those scenes and for all the supernatural passages in the play, Mr. Tree might have sought inspiration from two sources—one dead and one living—William Blake and Mr. Gordon Craig. I am no unqualified admirer of Mr. Craig's methods; but it is precisely in such a production as this that they are undeniably applicable. We must, on the whole, look to our laurels in the matter of stage-mounting. Time was when in this branch of art we were unquestionably in advance of all our neighbors. But of late years (partly through the influence of Mr. Craig) Germany and even Italy have gone ahead of us.

William Archer.

SALLY: A STUDY.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C. M. G.

V.

"Why are you crying? Only babies cry."

"Go away!"

Baby, baby bunting!
Father's gone a-hunting;
Mother's gone to get a skin.
To wrap the baby bunting in!

"Go away! Damn you! I hate you!"

"Oh, you naughty, shocking boy!"

cried Miss Mabel Le Mesurier, *at*at, thirteen, throwing back her mass of ruddy golden hair with a shake of her pretty head. "How dare you say such wicked words! Where do you suppose that you will go to when you die if you swear like that? If I were to tell father he would whip you."

"No, he wouldn't," said Saleh savagely.

"Yes, he would."

"He wouldn't dare, because I should

kill him," said Saleh, with the calmness of utter conviction, while the tears still stood upon his face.

"You couldn't kill my dad if you tried ever so, he is much too big and strong and brave, so there; but he would beat you worse than anything if he heard the awful wicked things you say."

"Go away! I hate you!"

"I shan't go away. This is my garden-house, not yours. I shall stay here just as long as I like. You are a horrid little savage blackamoor, that's what you are, or you wouldn't be so dreadfully rude and wicked."

"I'm not rude and wicked and a blackamoor," cried poor Saleh, throwing his arms across the little rustic table before him, and sinking his head face downward between them. "I'm unhappy, and I hate everybody, and I wish I was dead." His shoulders heaved with a fresh paroxysm of sobs.

Mabel stood looking at him thoughtfully, biting at the corner of her blue pinafore the while. She was a tender-hearted little woman, and she had come there to comfort, not to aggravate, Saleh's sorrows. She had only given way to her natural instinct when she had derided his unmanly tears. She had not intended to hurt him wantonly. Now she stepped nearer to him, and laid a tiny grubby hand upon his shoulder. He shook it off with an irritable shrug, but she declined to take offence.

"Don't cry, Sally. Dear Sally, don't cry," she whispered. "Tell me what's the matter. Why do you hate every one, and why do you say such naughty, wicked things?"

For a time Saleh strove sullenly to repel her advances; but her persistency and his own craving for sympathy at last prevailed, so presently he found himself telling her, brokenly, inarticulately, for the strange tongue still fettered his thought, the story of his misery. To the little girl more than half of what he said was unintelligible, for

the things that most irked this oriental boy were to her matters of course, to which custom had inured her from babyhood. Also Saleh, apart from the difficulty he experienced in giving form to his ideas, discovered that it was one thing to be acutely conscious of a sensation, and a wholly different matter to describe that feeling in words. But the little girl, with the ready sympathy that belongs to womenkind, even to womenkind in the bud, listened to his halting explanations, and made no sign when she failed to follow the meaning which they were intended to convey, while Saleh was aware of a sensible alleviation of his trouble, merely because he had met with someone who was willing to listen to him kindly, someone of whom he was not shy.

The sharp pangs of homesickness had become numbed into a dull ache; the awful fear with which this world of white men had at first inspired him had passed away; in his new home he was treated with kindness, and he no longer felt it necessary to stand on the defensive, no longer had the panic-stricken sensations of a trapped animal. None the less his surroundings were utterly uncongenial to him. Their iron regularity oppressed him. The household was as punctual as a nicely adjusted piece of clockwork, and he, who had never been taught the value of time, chafed at the extravagant importance which the *Le Mesuriers* attached to never being so much as a minute late for meals, play, or lessons. Then discipline—another thing entirely new to him—had come to the ordering of his days. Each hour was earmarked for the special use to which it was to be put. To Saleh this was the veriest tyranny,—the tyranny of the slave-driver,—and he felt himself to be covered with ignominy because he was obliged to submit to it. Then, too, this world of the white men seemed to be ruled by ideas, abstractions, which pre-

viously had had no meaning to him. Mr. Le Mesurier was perpetually putting his son George, and Saleh with him, upon their "honor" to do this, that, or the other, and George would turn upon Saleh, calling him a "cad" with the bitterest contempt, if he sought to break through the impalpable barriers thus arbitrarily set up. Saleh, who in common with most Malays had a keen desire to stand well in the estimation of his fellows, did not want to be looked upon as a "cad," but he could not for the life of him understand why Mr. Le Mesurier, of whose general wisdom he was profoundly convinced, had the wanton folly to put trust in any one. Then also he had made the acquaintance of another obscure thing called "Duty." He was constantly being told that it was his duty to do this or that; or it was declared that duty required of him that he should abstain from doing something upon which his heart was set. Here was a notion which as yet was altogether beyond his powers of comprehension; but the children about him accepted it as a matter of course, and were obviously ill at ease, and out of conceit with themselves, when they succumbed to the temptation to sin against its precepts. Those other abstractions, "Right" and "Wrong," were a perpetual puzzle to him. In his own country he had been used to hear of things that were *pâtut* or *ta' pâtit*—fitting or not fitting—but they had been largely questions of good or bad taste, matters of opinion dependent upon the point of view of the individual. Among white men, however, Saleh discovered, to his astonishment, that they were hard-and-fast categories into which actions were divided past all possibility of debate, and the simple answer, "It would not be right," sufficed in most cases to deter his new comrades from participating in the most tempting pleasures. Once again, for the life of

him, he could not understand it. When he had suggested to George that indulgence in a certain vice—a vice for which in his father's court men and women mainly lived—would relieve the tedium of their studies, the English boy had looked upon him with horror, had threatened to "knock his head off" if he talked like that again, and had shown him with true British bluntness how unfathomable was his disgust.

Honor, duty, morality—straitening things which seemed to clog the feet of liberty, as Saleh had always understood it—had come upon him suddenly, new ideas difficult to assimilate, and in their own fashion more numbing to the brain, more paralyzing, more appalling than those other revelations, the vastness of the universe and the multitude of humanity, had been. Then, too, the life in which he found himself was strenuous, earnest, instinct with a restless energy that jarred upon his indolent nature. It seemed to him as though he had been transported to some lofty mountain-top, and were called upon, without preparation, to breathe the rarefied atmosphere of the upper airs. He stood there morally panting, gasping,—moving with acute discomfort on a plane too high for him. He longed for the denser atmosphere of his fatherland, and he despaired of ever becoming habituated to that which seemingly was natural, congenial, to those with whom he now associated. As to ever winning to a real understanding of the extraordinary points of view of these people, that obviously was a patent impossibility.

Beyond this there were half a hundred minor matters which appealed to Saleh as incongruous. His manhood was offended, revolted, by the position occupied among white folk by the women. Even after weeks of use, his meals were a humiliation to him because Mrs. Le Mesurier and her daughters sat at table. Even his own mother would

not have dreamed of taking such a liberty with her son. The service rendered by the maid-servants was natural enough, but it hurt his pride and his self-respect to find that he was expected to give way to the daughters of the house in everything, that he was chidden if he neglected to offer to carry a cloak for a lady, if he did not run willingly on trifling errands for Mrs. Le Mesurier, if he was not active in forestalling the wants of her and of her daughters. From the moment of their first meeting Mrs. Le Mesurier, by her grace and kindness, had won his heart; but still, to his thinking, she was but a woman,—a being of inferior clay to the material from which he was fashioned,—and he was irked by a system that made of her a central pivot round which the household revolved. This unquestionably was *ta' pátut*—not fitting—yet seemingly it offended the sense of propriety of no one save himself. The absence of all forms, too, struck him as barbarous. All his life he had been hedged about by ritual. Those who had spoken to him had described themselves as *pátek*—thy slave; for was he not the son of a king?—but here all ceremony was dropped, and, shorn of his titles, he found himself answering to the name of "Sally," and being scoffed at and mocked because "Sally" was in England a woman's name. George, the young barbarian, even called him "Aunt Sally" at times, and once at a fair had gravely introduced him to a dilapidated cockshy, which he declared must be one of his near relatives,—a hideous idol of the white men at which certain savage creatures were engaged in throwing missiles with grotesque antics and an outrageous uproar. It was when he next was addressed as "Aunt Sally," that he had first tried to fight George, and finding that the attempt was a failure,—for what could a man do who had no knife ready to his hand?—had

retired to the arbor in tears. "Chaff," as George would have called it, was again something foreign to Saleh's experience. To him it was simply a rudeness, a brutality—not fitting.

As much of all this as his mental and linguistic limitations could make articulate he now sobbed out to Mabel, omitting only all reference to his disapproval of the undue exaltation of her sex, for Malays are not devoid of a certain instinctive tact. His trouble was of a nature too complex to be readily comprehended by his little listener, but, fortunately for mankind, a woman's sympathy is not always dependent upon her understanding, and Mabel, knowing he was very unhappy, without inquiring too closely into the causes, patted his shoulder and whispered words of consolation into his ear.

"Don't cry, Saleh dear," she said. "We all like you very much, and you are going to live with us for a long time and be very happy too when you get used to us. You mustn't mind George. He is a boy, you know, and boys are like that. He is always trying to get a rise out of all of us. He likes you very much too, really. He was only saying the other day how beautifully you swim, and how clever you are in the gym. He says you can do things on the bar at the first try which it takes English boys years and years to learn. He only calls you 'Aunt Sally' for fun, just as he calls me 'Furze-bush' when I have had my hair in curl-papers."

Saleh shuddered at the recollection. His taste, moulded by the lank, sleek, oil-dressed heads of his own women-kind, was grievously offended by the sight of curls.

"And you called me a blackamoor," he said sulkily.

"I'm sorry, Sally."

"You white people are so . . . so proud. You think many things of yourself, but we Malays have beaten

you. The English soldiers ran like stags when we ambushed them during the war in Pelesu."

"They didn't!" cried the little girl indignantly.

"Yes, they did. They ran and ran, and our people ran after them and shot them and shouted. I have often heard people talk of it."

"English soldiers are very brave," said Mabel, with proud conviction.

"They are not as brave as the Malays, and they ran away," said Saleh doggedly.

"I don't believe it," cried Mabel. "Besides, we won, didn't we?"

Saleh was silent.

"You called me a blackamoor," he said presently, returning with resentment to his earlier accusation.

"I know I did, and I was a *beast*," said Mabel generously. "And, Sally, I'm sorry—ever so sorry—and I'll never do it again; but you mustn't say that English soldiers ran away because they never do, you know."

"But they did," objected Saleh.

"O Sally, Sally, you'll make me quarrel with you after all!" cried Mabel piteously. "And I do want to be friends."

"I can not be friends with people who calls me blackamoor," said Saleh, looking at her and softening ever so little.

"But I won't. And I do like you, Sally, and when you are unhappy don't go away and cry by yourself. Come and tell me all about it, and I'll comfort you. I can help you in a lot of ways, if you'll let me. I know heaps and heaps of things. And I won't tell that you said such wicked words, only promise that you won't go on hating us, and that you won't mind George, and that you will come to me when you have the blues."

She spoke very earnestly, with her kind little hand still resting on the boy's coat-sleeve, and with her bright

eyes shining. She was to Saleh like a being from another world, possessed of nothing in common with the women-folk of his own race. Her kindness spoke to him in his desolation, took him by the hand to lead his faltering steps through the darkness in which he was engulfed; and in that moment, I think, he began to understand why in our land the accident of sex causes women to be held in such deep reverence.

During the twelvemonth that followed—the painful first year in which Saleh was finding his level, and fitting in as best he might with the circumstances of his alien surroundings—Mabel's friendship and encouragement, Mabel's advice, admonitions, guidance, made the rough path smooth, and laid many a high hill low for him. Also it was through the child's eyes, though she was wholly unconscious of it, that this little outlier obtained his first glimpse of the kindness, the sanctity, and the exquisite purity of English family life. It was indeed a serene and wholesome atmosphere that his exotic lungs were made to breathe; but Saleh, the adaptable, learned at last to inhale it, not only with ease and comfort, but with keen pleasure, taking an active pride in living up to the high standard which, having begun by depressing and bewildering him, ended by awaking his appreciation, enchain- ing his sympathies, and kindling his enthusiasm.

The boy's pliable nature had been taken in time; its *upward* tendencies had been stimulated, given room for development. He had caught the health-giving spirit of the honest English home-life in which his days were spent, and, chameleon-like, he lost the color absorbed from his environment in Malaya, assuming in its place the duller, more permanent character-tints of the British youngster. Only, by force of contrast, the newer ideal was

seen more clearly, was aimed at more persistently, more consciously, with a keener desire to attain it. Thenceforth, till very near the end of his sojourn in England, the denationalization of Râja Saleh was a completed fact. The Malayan shell was there, more or less intact; a mist of nebulous memories, hovering somewhere in the background of his mind, told of a Malayan past; but within the lad the Malayan soul lay dead, or slumbering, and in its stead had been born the soul of a clean-minded, honest-thinking, self-respecting Englishman, possessed of many of the virtues and not a few of the limitations of its kind.

The work which the white men in their wisdom had set themselves to do had now presumably been accomplished in triumphant fashion, with all the thoroughness, the uncompromising completeness which belongs to white

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men's work. Starting with the axiom that civilization—that is to say, the civilization of the Englishman of the twentieth century—is a blessing, they had brought all its forces to bear upon the defenceless Saleh. They had concerned themselves only with the immediate achievement—the difficult experiment of which Saleh was the victim; they had made no attempt to forecast results, to pry into the future, to foresee in what manner their action would be like to affect the lad himself and his individual happiness. A high standard of civilization, with its exalted moral code and nobler ideals, was in itself a blessing, a happiness. That was the theory,—a beautiful theory,—and it was for Saleh since the opportunity had been thrust upon him, to work it out in practice. Even the omniscience and the omnipotence of the white men have their limitations.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE BULOW: AN APPRECIATION.

The present German Chancellor is one of the very few continental statesmen whose speeches frequently attain to headlines and double columns in the British Press, privileges it rarely grants to any foreigner. Many of his phrases have become international catchwords like those of Bismarck and Disraeli; and his opinions are quoted and criticised as having an importance to Europe equalled only by those of some four or five rulers and outstanding personalities, with whom the general public is far better acquainted. All his movements are carefully chronicled, and every declaration of policy receives the gravest attention, both within and beyond the limits of his own country. Few public men of the present day have been so savagely attacked or so warmly defended, and

few indeed can be said to hold so dominating an influence on the world's affairs.

But if he is one of the most striking, he is also one of the least understood, of the personalities of contemporary history. It is possible to read long and intimate descriptions—more or less reliable—of the likes and dislikes, the daily life, and personal traits of a score of smaller celebrities; but the study which shall deal even ever so lightly with the aims and convictions, the life apart from politics, in a word the real self, of the highest official of the German Empire has yet to be written.

Of Prince Bülow the German Chancellor, the world hears much but knows little; of Bernhard von Bülow the man, it knows absolutely nothing. No

doubt, as far as his private life is concerned, this is owing to his own reserve, to the almost studied aloofness from anything like the self-revelations so freely given by other prominent actors in the political drama—his own Sovereign or President Roosevelt for example. For it is one of his many paradoxes that while few statesmen are so accessible to the Press, or so frank and courteous in their dealing with it, so long as it is concerned merely with questions of policy; yet if a correspondent attempts to get the faintest personal note into the interview (be he German or foreign) he is gently but firmly baffled, and that in such a way that not the most intrepid of American reporters has hitherto succeeded in breaking through the fence of tacit reticence and quiet dignity with which Prince Bülow surrounds himself. This is to be regretted, because the great majority of people are of Abraham Lincoln's opinion that "the man I don't understand is the man I don't like," and, moreover, the public is apt to consider that it has a sort of vested right to know as much as it chooses of the inside life of anyone who is prominently before it, and to resent any curtailment of such right accordingly. Also it is very difficult to judge a man's political work with any justice if one knows nothing of the deeper motives, the guiding principles, which are the source of his actions. Prince Bülow is now in his eleventh year of office—from 1897 to 1900 as Foreign Secretary, and thence onward as Chancellor of the Empire. Looking back over this period, many will think they can detect great inconsistencies and serious mistakes, as well as brilliant achievements and undoubted progress. But most of his critics ignore two facts in their survey. Firstly, the terrible difficulties—especially with regard to foreign affairs—which beset

him on every hand, difficulties not of his own making, for he either inherited them from the former Chancellor or encountered them afresh from a too-impulsive Sovereign, bent on being to a great extent his own Foreign Minister and easily influenced by other counsels than those of his responsible advisers. Secondly, that German politics cannot under any circumstances be measured by British standards, and that, therefore, thanks to the hopeless division of parties, the predominant influence of the Crown, and many other factors, much that would be incomprehensible in English Parliamentary life is a simple necessity of political existence in Germany.

His eight years as Chancellor have been practically one long series of conflicts—with the Socialists on home government, with some hostile Court influence on foreign affairs, with the Centre on Colonial questions, and finally with extremists of all parties, who would cheerfully wreck the Empire in order to carry out some theory of their own, or to serve the "particularist" interests of their special State as against the welfare of the whole. But in spite of all this he can look back on a great deal of good work accomplished—accomplished, too, in the teeth of difficulties such as might well have dismayed a man less resolute of will, less dauntless of heart. Almost the first speeches he made in the Reichstag dealt with the Boer War; and since every sentence that could possibly be twisted into offence to British ears has been quoted, or rather misquoted, a dozen times, I should like to draw attention to a brief but noble tribute paid to British soldiers in the course of a speech made at the very time when popular sentiment, not only in Germany but all over the Continent, was most strongly opposed to Great Britain. He said: "Let us never forget that the British Army in South Africa has

shown the world that its soldiers know how to die." His first task of great moment, the revision of the tariff, was not carried through the Reichstag without a long and bitter fight, but it ended in victory; and the seven important commercial treaties successfully concluded on this new basis falsified all the predictions of the Chancellor's enemies. I must now touch lightly on that much-vexed question, the Morocco Crisis; but only in so far as it immediately concerns Prince Bülow, for this is neither the place nor the time to indulge in reflections on an event far too recent and too complicated for even the most unprejudiced to pronounce any historical verdict upon it.

But there have been attempts made to represent him as at any rate primarily responsible for the tension caused in Franco-German (and, by a kind of reflex action, Anglo-German) relations during that period. This I believe to be a most utter perversion of the true facts of the case. It was not the existence of France's *ententes*, but the undisguised hostility towards Germany with which her then Foreign Minister strove to imbue them, that awoke that suspicion and resentment in the German people which rendered a crisis of some sort inevitable.

Now that the clouds are dispersed—at any rate for a time—I think no sensible person can doubt that it was not the Anglo-French Agreement, or the good understanding to which it testified, but the continued slights and provocations of M. Delcassé which threatened Europe with the danger of war. For that there was such a danger no one who was in Germany during the summer of 1905 can question for a moment. It is all very well for M. Delcassé to say that Germany would never have gone to war merely for Morocco—Prince Bülow said as much himself in the Reichstag; but he added that

any Great Power worthy the name will fight to the last gasp if it believes its prestige, its honor, and thereby the very safety of its existence, threatened. And there we come to the crux of the whole matter. Rightly or wrongly, the great majority of Germans did believe their country so threatened. They may have been mistaken, but at least they were sincere, and it was in that very sincerity that the danger lay.

Now, it has been suggested that throughout the crisis two distinct policies were being pursued in Berlin—one by the Kaiser, favorable to France, the other by Prince Bülow, hostile to her. To those who know the German Constitution such an idea is absurd on the face of it; for since no Chancellor can hold office a day longer than the Kaiser chooses, and since Kaiser and Chancellor must be in constant touch with each other, owing to the former's personal control of State affairs, it is fairly evident that a serious difference on vital questions of policy (which this most certainly would have been) must lead to the instant resignation of the Chancellor. It is quite true that Prince Bülow's enemies tried to prejudice the Kaiser against him, but his Majesty was far too loyal to his First Minister to heed such counsels; and that Minister undoubtedly exerted his influence with his impetuous Sovereign in the cause of peace—of course, "peace with honor," and, so far as it could be assured, security for Germany. When the French declared their willingness to go to the Algéiras Conference, and so virtually dismissed M. Delcassé, the acute tension passed away and Germany gradually forgot her anger and alarm. But of one thing I feel very sure, and that is that if ever the full and true history of the Moroccan incident is revealed Prince Bülow will stand out as a peace-maker rather than a peace-breaker. The harassing worries of that time told on his health,

which had already withstood years of constant overwork. He would not spare himself, and it was characteristic of him that, ill and worn out as he was, he insisted on being present at a foreign affairs debate in the Reichstag and personally vindicating his policy. The result was a severe fainting fit, which compelled even him to take a brief respite from his overwhelming routine of work.

After a long absence, not by any means all holiday, he returned to Berlin, soon to prove himself in his old fighting form during the brief and stormy session which preceded his dramatic dissolution of Parliament. Indeed, the great speech on the foreign relations of Germany which he made in the Reichstag on the 14th of November, 1906, was one of the most brilliant ever heard in that Assembly. But the powerful Catholic "Centre" Party which had for so long supported him on national questions—and especially with regard to those laws widening and furthering Social Reform which have been one of the most noteworthy achievements of his policy—suddenly failed in their allegiance. There can be little doubt that this was owing less to dissatisfaction with the Colonial Estimates of the Government (the ostensible cause of the quarrel) than to their attack on the new Colonial Minister, Herr Dernberg—an attack which it was believed would have resulted in his instant dismissal.

Prince Bülow, however, was not the man to throw over one of his ministerial colleagues at the bidding of a few party leaders, even though they were among his most influential supporters. He has been called "Napoleonic" in his discipline, but invariably kind and considerate to his subordinates and loyal to his fellow-ministers. Demanding from them the same unsparing devotion to their work which he gives himself, he had long been

anxious to secure a more efficient head of the Colonial Office.

In Herr Dernberg he had at last found one, and therefore it would have been an injury to the Empire to sacrifice him, as well as an impossibility to the Chancellor's chivalrous nature. I think I have said enough to show that though the conflict with the Centre is deeply to be regretted, yet at the time it was a political necessity, as well as a point of personal honor. For the Colonial question had become of such grave consequence to Germany that to suffer interference in it from a section of the Reichstag, however important, would have been an act of criminal weakness on the part of the statesman responsible. The dissolution and the results of the following elections are too well known to need recapitulation here. The Liberal-Conservative "Bloc" which now constitutes the Government majority appears to form but a frail bulwark for the best interests of Germany—for that it is to her best interests that the present Chancellor should remain in office I most firmly believe. Fresh questions, such as the Polish Bill, too rashly criticised by sentimentalists who have little or no knowledge of Prussia's complicated and thorny task with regard to her disloyal Polish subjects, and the more pressing difficulty of the Prussian franchise affair, seem only too likely to split up the Nationalist parties. No one will deny that the present electoral system of Prussia is miserably inadequate; but to alter it at once to the "one man one vote" plan would be to encounter all those dangers inseparable from too violent, and above all too sudden, a change in the structure of the State. As the Empire already possesses universal suffrage the question can hardly be as urgent as the Socialists strive to make it appear. What is needed is a policy of sane and moderate reform; but the nations are slow to learn from

history, and from Nature herself, that all great and enduring progress is made gradually.

In spite of these difficulties, however, the differences between the right and left wings of the Bloc have been composed at least temporarily, and the session which opened so stormily closed in comparative calm.

It is as grand an aim as ever statesman set before him, this brave attempt of Prince Bülow's to teach the German people the real meaning of Constitutional Government; but whether it is possible for it to succeed under the present political conditions may well be doubted. Yet even if it fails there are some failures which are nobler than success, and a new element—the *vox populi*—will have been brought into German politics, never wholly to disappear.

The great problem of the re-organization of the national finances is one on which the various sections that make up the Bloc are grievously divided, and it seems well-nigh impossible that any practical scheme can be evolved which will at all reconcile the conflicting views of this unstable majority on whose continued existence that of the Chancellor himself, politically speaking, perhaps depends.

Nevertheless he has fought and won so many desperate parliamentary battles in the past, that it is surely not too much to hope that the old dauntless courage, the old superb power as a leader of men will enable him yet again to overcome the terrible obstacles which confront him, and to build up a really strong, united, and trustworthy majority out of the chaos of parties that now compose the Bloc.

It must be remembered that a firmly established, pacifically inclined German Government is one of the best guarantees for European peace. An excited nation is often a quarrelsome nation, and it is better for the whole

world that so important an item of it as Germany should be quiet, contented, and prosperous. It is scarcely needful to emphasize Prince Bülow's earnest and consistent efforts to place the mutual relations of Germany and Great Britain on a more cordial and friendly basis. In his speeches, personally, and above all in his actual foreign policy, he has done his utmost to remove misunderstandings and to avoid friction. The kindly hospitality to the British journalists who visited Berlin last year, the straightforward declarations of policy, and the warm-hearted approval of every scheme for enabling the two nations to know more of each other, and so to like each other better, will be fresh in the memory of all. It is probable that nothing has damaged the cause of Anglo-German friendship more than the recent German Navy Bill, and the distrust it has aroused in a country whose very existence depends on her naval supremacy. That Great Britain must retain this supremacy unchallenged is a fact recognized by virtually every party in the State. But it should be remembered that Germany has never pretended to have either the will or the ability to challenge it, and that in view of the changes wrought in naval warfare by the practical demonstrations of the Russo-Japanese conflict and the introduction of more powerful battleships, every first-class Power has been compelled to re-organize its naval defences. Germany is not the only Power who has started building *Dreadnoughts*—France, Japan, and the United States have done the same, and they are not suspected of designs on their neighbors' property. It is only fair to admit that Germany has at least one obvious reason for strengthening her fleet—namely, the rapid development of her trade and mercantile interests, and her responsibilities as a Great Power to protect her subjects settled

in foreign lands, tasks which she must render it strong enough to perform. Surely the fault lies rather in the unsatisfactory state of feeling between the two countries than in any measures which either of them may deem it necessary to take in their own defence.

I feel that any sketch of Prince Bülow's political career would be incomplete without a brief allusion to the so-called "Camarilla." It is probably true that a small clique bitterly inimical to him, both personally and politically, had a certain amount of influence in Court Circles, though I think this has been much exaggerated. Their hostility was, of course, carefully concealed from the Emperor, but nevertheless it constituted a real danger. For the painful *dénouement* which finally removed these persons from the arena of public life the Chancellor was not in any way responsible, directly or indirectly. It will be said, perhaps, that he ought to have warned the Emperor against them. But the answer to this is that he had no proofs, and that it would be impossible for a Minister to rid himself of his enemies by advancing unsubstantiated accusations concerning them to his Sovereign. It only remains to be said that political antagonism in Germany is disgraced by a ferocity and unscrupulousness for which England happily has no parallel. No slander is too dastardly, no lie too outrageous, to be employed for the purpose of discrediting an adversary.

I have spoken of Prince Bülow's "enemies," and that word is not by any means too forcible to describe the intimidation and the spiteful intrigues which any statesman with a resolute policy, disdainful alike of bribes and threats, has to encounter when he holds the supremely difficult post of German Chancellor.

Turning from the official to the more personal side of his character, perhaps the first thing to strike anyone who

has even a slight acquaintance with his private life is the contrast between the imperturbable, almost cynical attitude assumed in public and the gracious, kindly, chivalrous nature revealed to those who know the real man—a nature retaining the magic charm of sincerity and singleness of heart, in spite of that wide knowledge of the world and brilliant culture which have made him one of the foremost diplomatists in Europe. With most people the outside veneer disguises the commoner material underneath, but with Bernhard von Bülow it is the exact opposite—the veneer is assumed in order to hide the beauty of that which underlies it. It is for this reason that, although he is justly acknowledged to be a great orator, his speeches are in a sense misleading, for if they occasionally reveal his true character, they are more often mere brilliant *tours de force*, epigrammatic, flippant, almost reckless; but representing after all rather fireworks thrown up to dazzle and bewilder than the steady light of his resolute purpose.

It may as well be admitted at once that this is a dangerous attitude for any man to take up with regard to public opinion, for it is safer to court popularity than to despise it; and since the world generally takes you at your own valuation, it is the wisest plan to proclaim your virtues from the housetops.

But there is a certain type of temperament which is proud to such a degree that it prefers being misjudged to explaining itself. Those who belong to it have to pay the price of their pride, sooner or later, but even then they suffer in silence. If ever the day should come when the Fourth Chancellor is driven from office like his great predecessor, his enemies will not be gratified, as were those of Bismarck, by a storm of passionate protest; for where the pride of one led to self-vindication, the pride of the other would seal his lips

from anything sterner than a careless jest. The *beau sabreur* of debate, Prince Bülow is never merciless to his opponents, relying more on the weapon of good-tempered irony than on the savage invective to which the Reichstag is so much addicted. But it would be a great mistake to imagine that the airy manner which so exasperates his foes has nothing deeper and more earnest beneath it; not that it is an affectation, for it springs from that sunny disposition and keen sense of humor which are the best aids for keeping heart and temper unspilled in the cruel strain of political life.

When one remembers the crushing weight of responsibility, the overwork, and the many anxieties to which he is constantly exposed, this indomitable buoyancy of spirit is one of the most valuable gifts he possesses.

In personal appearance the Chancellor is a worthy representative of that Mecklenburg aristocracy the gallant bearing of whose members made such an impression on the great Napoleon that he said to his Marshals: "I can make you into kings, but not into Mecklenburg nobles." Tall, with a stately carriage of the head and shoulders which gives him grace and distinction, he has the broad brow of intellect, and a mouth and chin (clean-shaven except for the soldierly moustache) which show courage, energy, and decision. But it is the eyes which arrest attention—eyes beautiful and fearless, that meet you with a directness and sincerity rare indeed in any class, but for a diplomatist almost unique. It is a face steadfast, proud, and self-reliant; yet with a sunny-tempered kindness and grace in it which wins straight to the heart.

A man's faith is a sacred thing, not to be lightly commented on by strangers; and it is only possible to allude very briefly here to the deep religious feeling, which is shown sometimes

even in his speeches; but those who ignore or overlook this aspect know very little of his true character. It is many years now since he married the beautiful and gifted woman whose devoted comradeship has made an unfailing background of love and sympathy for a life politically so stormy and eventful. To those who have seen them together it is difficult to think of one apart from the other, so perfect is the community of thought and interest. And if the Princess wishes—as it is said sometimes that she does—for a life in which there would be no anxiety for his safety, a life in which they would be able to have more time to themselves, and to dwell far from the noise and strife of the great new-built metropolis of Central Europe; yet there is no more gracious hostess, no more helpful Minister's wife, to be found in any of the world's capitals than the present German "*Reichskanzlerin*." It is at Norderney, the little storm-swept island in the North Sea, where they have spent the summer holidays for some years past, and where their charm of manner and kindness of heart have made them universally beloved, that they are able for a few short weeks to enjoy the freedom from public life and the simple open-air pleasures which they find so refreshing after the stress of the Berlin Parliamentary season. But even here the whole forenoon is generally occupied with work, and it is only after lunch that the waiting "*Kurgäste*" are rewarded by the appearance of the Chancellor, almost invariably accompanied by his wife, his favorite white carnation in his buttonhole, and a serviceable countrified stick in his hand, setting out for one of those long rambles over the sand-dunes, or by the sea, in which they both take such a delight. At Norderney, too, Prince Bülow can indulge to his heart's content in the riding of which he is so passionately fond, for there is any amount of splen-

did galloping to be had on the well-nigh boundless expanse of firm, level shore. But this forms only a brief interlude in that life of earnest work whose many-sided activities leave so little room for recreation of any sort.

In trying to sum up the general trend of Prince Bülow's policy, I think I cannot do better than quote from one of his own speeches:

I cannot govern this country solely for the benefit of Catholics, or solely for the benefit of Protestants, any more than I can conscientiously govern with the support, and therefore wholly in the interests of, any one of the great political parties. That might secure my own majority, but not the true welfare of the State. I am willing to co-operate with any party which has this at heart; and it is my duty to hold the balance even between conflicting interests to the best of my ability, and strive always to promote the good of the whole, giving justice to all, but favor to none.

No one who knows modern Germany can deny that it is just such a brave, yet moderate and far-sighted policy as this which she requires at the present time. For there is no doubt that she stands now at a very critical period in her history. The extraordinary and rapid increase in national prosperity has brought in its wake a great wave of materialism which is fraught with the gravest dangers to the State. "Where there is no vision the people perish," and the practical Hedonism of some phases of the national life, more particularly in the great cities, is deadly alike to soul and body. Bismarck's proud boast, "We Germans fear God and no one else," will cease

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to be true if the old steadfast faith is undermined, for the nation which has forgotten the fear of God has taken the first step towards learning the fear of man. All who love Germany must earnestly hope that she will speedily win back that noble idealism which is so especially the heritage of her people. But the grandest code of ethics never availed to save one soul, much less to uplift and inspire a nation; and the great need for Germany to-day is not so much, as some would have us believe, Liberalism—some wonder-working formula of self-government—as the old, old need of humanity: "Back to Christ." Prince Bülow's wise and patient statesmanship seeks first to educate the people to a better sense of what is desirable and what is attainable in the national existence, and meanwhile to gradually give them more and more power of self-government, by enhancing the importance of the Reichstag to an extent never known before in German politics, and by striving to draw from that body all the elements making for good in the State, and fuse them together into a governing majority which shall be patriotic but peaceful, loyal to the old traditions, but steadily progressive towards new and wider ideals. He has to a remarkable degree that indefinable charm, often called "personal magnetism" for want of a more accurate description, and few who have experienced it can form a perfectly impartial opinion with regard to him; but of this I am sure—there is no more gifted or noble personality in present-day European politics than the Fourth Chancellor of the German Empire.

Sidney Garfield Morris.

DRAKE — AN ENGLISH EPIC. *

Mr. Noyes has, we really believe, achieved the impossible. He has written a modern epic which can be read. "Drake" bears visibly on its face all the obvious epic features which spell terror of shame to the ordinary poet, and terror of boredom to the ordinary reader.) There is the hero of the title-rôle, at once hero-soldier, and hero-sailor, and a little even hero-founder of an Empire, with something of the wrath of Achilles about him, much of the world-wandering of Odysseus, and more than a little of the pious patriotism of Æneas. (There are the orthodox twelve books, the *minimum* consistent with epic dignity, and there is the blank verse, which "Paradise Lost" established once for all as "the only wear" for the English epic poet.) Mr. Noyes, in fact, challenges at the outset, all the scorn, which is the too probable, and too probably justly deserved, lot of those who measure themselves with Homer and Virgil and Milton. And he challenges at the same time all the prejudice which belongs to what is the most unpopular form of poetry in the world. Only the brave read epics now; and it is, generally speaking, as vain for them to talk of the glories of the heights they have climbed as it is for the man who has seen the source of the Nile or the tops of the Himalayas to invite others to follow in his steps to felicity. He may know the splendors of the goal, but what others chiefly know is the length and discomfort of the journey. The epic has fallen on evil days, days that welcome neither the length nor the dignity which are its essence. (It seems a very long time indeed since the arrival of a man with the capacity of reciting twenty thousand lines of verse, and the

avowed intention of doing it, was a source of rapturous joy to the inhabitants of a country house. The inhabitants of modern country houses rarely like poetry at all, and still more rarely like it long. Few epics, it is true, are as long as the novels which are consumed in such abundance alike in town and country. But then novels are in prose, and the sort of prose that seldom asks its readers to rise above the common level of easy-chair idleness; epics are in verse, and it is of the essence of verse to be a more choice, more distinguished, and more exacting thing than prose. And one of the penalties of hurry and laziness is the loss of the taste for the finer pleasures, and among them for the pleasure of hearing and reading verse.)

Mr. Noyes, then, has plenty of lions in his path.) The very ground he walks on is strewn with the bones of his nameless and forgotten predecessors. But there is good ground for hoping that his own bones will escape the lions and arrive safe with him at the destined city of fame. Of course, he is not a Virgil or a Milton, or even a Tasso. *Non cuius homini.* (But if there be room for epic poetry which is not of the supreme class, as there is undoubtedly for the humbler lyric—a question about which much might be said which must not be said here or now—then there is good hope for the author of "Drake." He is still young, and so in any case there is the greatness of promise in the production of such a poem. But there is more than that. No fit reader will read it without recognizing that there is in it also a greatness of actual achievement. It is no small achievement, to begin with, to have written an epic of which at least one reader can say that he has read it through with an interest that

never flagged anywhere and more than once rose to an enthusiasm that made him read aloud. There are few surer tests of fine verse than that—that it insists upon being read aloud. Take such a passage as this from what is unquestionably the finest book, the *eleventh*. It is the night after the Armada has been sighted, and Drake has had his six little ships hauled down to the sea, and they are out of Plymouth Sound at last with the cry—

*Let God arise,
And let His enemies be scattered!*

Under the leaden fogs of that new dawn,
Empty and cold, indifferent as death,
The sea heaved strangely to the seamen's eyes,
Seeing all round them only the leaden surge
Wrapped in wet mists or flashing here and there
With crumbling white. Against the cold wet wind
Westward the little ships of England beat
With short tacks, close inshore, striving to win
The windward station of the threatening battle
That neared behind the veil. Six little ships,
No more, beat Westward, even as all mankind
Beats up against that universal wind
Whereon like withered leaves all else is blown
Down one wide way to death: the soul alone,
Whether at last it wins, or faints and falls,
Stems the dark tide with its intrepid sails.

The break into rhyme is certainly more than sudden, and, unjustified as it is by any emotional change in the situation (for it continues after the simile), is open to grave objection. But, the abruptness of the change once forgotten, the rhymed verse is too fine to need forgiveness.

And now the moon began to wane; the West

With slow rich colors filled and shadowy forms,
Dark curdling wreaths and fogs with crimsoned breast,
And tangled zones of dusk like frozen storms,

Motionless, flagged with sunset, hulled with doom!

Motionless? Nay, across the darkening deep

Surely the whole sky moved its gorgeous gloom

Onward; and like the curtains of a sleep

The red fogs crumbled, mists dissolved away!

There, like death's secret dawning thro' a dream,

Great thrones of thunder dusk'd the dying day.

And, higher, pale towers of cloud began to gleam.

There, in one heaven-wide storm, great masts and clouds

Of sail crept slowly forth, the ships of Spain!

From North to South, their tangled spars and shrouds

Controlled the slow wind as with bit and rein;

Onward they rode in insolent disdain
Sighting the little fleet of England there,

While o'er the sullen splendor of the main

Three solemn guns tolled all their host to prayer,

And their great ensign blazoned all the doom-fraught air.

Bring on the pomp and pride of old Castille,

Blazon the skies with royal Aragon,
Beneath Oquendo let old ocean reel,

The purple pomp of priestly Rome bring on;

And let her censers dusk the dying sun,
The thunder of her banners on the breeze

Following Sidonia's glorious galleon
Deride the sleeping thunder of the seas,

While twenty thousand warriors chant her litanies.

Lo, all their decks are kneeling! Sky to sky

Responds! It is their solemn even-
ing hour.
Salve Regina, though the daylight die,
Salve Regina, though the darkness
lour;
Have they not still the kingdom and
the power?
Salve Regina, hark, their thousands
cry,
From where like clouds to where like
mountains tower
Their crowded galleons looming far
or nigh,
Salve Regina, hark, what distant seas
reply!

The sun of Rome goes down; the night
is dark!
Still are her thousands praying, still
their cry
Ascends from the wide waste of
waters, hark!
Ave Maria, darker grows the sky!
Ave Maria, *those about to die*
Salute thee! Nay, what wandering
winds blaspheme
With random gusts of chilling prophecy
Against the solemn sounds that
heavenward stream!
The night is come at last. Break not
the splendid dream.

Mr. W. P. Ker has well said that
"whatever epic may mean it implies
some weight and solidity." It must
have action for its subject, and great
action; and its manner must have a
corresponding weight and dignity. No
one will accuse "Drake" of falling in
these respects. If ever there was a
heroic moment in the world's history it
was that in which England stood face
to face with the Armada. Others there
are as great, but none greater. An epic
poet could not have a greater theme.
The tremendous odds, the tremendous
issues at stake, the tremendous and ir-
remediable catastrophe, give him the
opportunity, if he has the power, of
making us think of the tragedy that
deals with Salamis, or the two immortal
books that tell the story of the
Athenians who fought their last fight

in the harbor of Syracuse. Mr. Noyes
is not Thucydides, but at any rate he
does not disgrace the courage which
made him attempt his splendid task.
He has at his command a style which
in the whole long poem never once,
perhaps, falls below a certain high level
of dignity and force. Actually to the
highest heights he has scarcely yet
learned to climb, but it is a great
achievement to write twelve books of
verse with scarcely a single lapse into
sheer dulness; scarcely one into mere
verbiage of word-spinning rhetoric.
The poem is always advancing; some-
thing is always being done, and neither
the action nor the verse ever sink below
the epic level.

The most serious defect in the treat-
ment is a strange one to allege against
a poem with Drake for its subject. But
it is true, nevertheless. Alive as the
story is, it has not enough action.
What it has is all of one kind. There
is no Æneas and Dido in it, still less
any Hector and Andromache. Indeed,
in spite of a transient glimpse or two of
Drake's "Bess," and that greater Bess
under whose flag Drake fought, there
may be said to be no mention of a
woman in all the twelve books. And
one might even go further, and say that
there is scarcely a man except Drake.
Sidney appears, but only once as a
momentary foil to Drake, and not much
more can be said of those who appear
more often. The whole poem falls be-
low that other half of the true epic
ideal, "The whole business of life comes
bodily into the epic." Only its heroics
come into the epic of Mr. Noyes. He
makes no attempt to follow Homer
and Homer's imitators in using the sim-
ile as a means of bringing all the do-
ings and sufferings of men, all their
lives, and arts, and pleasures, and
pains, small as well as great, into an
action whose own direct business is
confined to the single activity of fight-
ing. His work, in consequence, is

lacking in variety, lacking in charm, lacking in human sympathy and tenderness. It is too overwhelmingly political. The great forces of Nature are the only actors that share its stage with Spain and England, Protestantism and Rome. These are serious limitations. But, it must be admitted, the accepted limits are admirably used. It is the accepted tradition, and probably the necessary law, of the epic that it should graft a contemporary interest on to an ancient story. A modern story would lack the remoteness demanded by the higher tragic or epic dignity. An ancient story left to itself in pure antiquity lacks the living interest needed by all art; it becomes a mere piece of archaeological pedantry. So the far-off ancient tale must somehow be united with the stir of some contemporary emotion. So Virgil filled the legend of Æneas with all the new interest that belonged to the foundation of the empire and the fresh glory of the Julian house. So Milton filled heaven and hell and even the very Garden of Eden itself with the ethical, political, and theological problems that had just shaken the England in which he wrote to its very foundations. And so Mr. Noyes makes of Drake, the private adventurer, not merely the incarnation of the spirit of Protestantism and Liberty, but the conscious architect of the foundations of the sea-built worldwide British Empire of to-day. He does not venture on such direct modern references as the Imperial compliments which play such a conspicuous part in the Æneid; but the thought of the great sea-empire as we know it to-day, its perils, its possibilities, the great ideal that seers of visions shape for it in the future—all this is never absent from "Drake" for many consecutive pages. The Indians of the Pacific would have Drake stay and rule them, and his men, as they hear the prayer, have a glimpse of "the great

Empire of Englishmen" that shall, they trust, one day be founded.

A small and weather-beaten band they stood,
Bronzed seamen by the laughing rescued slaves,
Ringed with gigantic loneliness and saw
An Empire that should liberate the world;
A Power before the lightning of whose arms
Darkness should die and all oppression cease;
A Federation of the strong and weak,
Whereby the weak were strengthened and the strong
Made stronger in the increasing good of all;
A gathering up of one another's loads;
A turning of the wasteful rage of war
To accomplish large and fruitful tasks of peace,
Even as the strength of some great stream is turned
To grind the corn for bread.

There is the ideal, very far beyond Drake, no doubt, and far beyond the present too, or any future we can expect to live to see; but not less worth listening to than Virgil's idealized Rome. And here are the conditions on which alone it has a chance of being realized. Drake is face to face with the Armada. The first day's fight is done, and Howard thinks it dangerous to risk a fresh attack. Drake pleads for instant action, as he had before pleaded that the Armada should be attacked on the Spanish coast. His plea is for—

The first poor thought which now and evermore
Must be the sceptre of Britain, the steel trident
Of ocean-sovereignty. That mighty fleet
Invincible, Impregnable, omnipotent,
Must here and now be shattered, never be joined
With Parma, never abase the wind-swept sea,

With oaken roads for thundering legions
To trample in the splendor of the sun
From Europe to our island.

Here is surely enough to make an Englishman throb at once with love and pride and with the "unnamed fears" which even the steadfast faith of Wordsworth could not escape. The air we are breathing is great air, and political issues become for once eternal things. And they are given an eternal stage for their battle. (Everywhere through this poem the big things of Nature are with us—the air and the clouds, the dawn and the night, the sun and the stars, above all, the mighty

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presence of the sea. We go round the world with Drake and the whole world seems one immense and boundless sea. The sea is the spirit that broods everywhere over "Drake," as the spirit of Rome broods over the Æneid.

Onward they surged, . . .
And there was nought around them but the gray
Ruin and roar of the huge Atlantic seas,
Gray mounded seas, pursuing and pursued,
That fly, hounded and hounding on forever,
From empty marge to merge of the gray sky.

THE PROPHET OF BALHAM.

When Mr. George Cherrybank came in for the Silvertown property on the death of his uncle, he brought with him to the Manor House a keen sense of his responsibilities as landlord and country gentleman. He was not one of those who are convinced that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and, even if he had been, the recent census would have been difficult of digestion; for the recent census made it painfully clear that the population of Silvertown parish was drifting away to the towns, and a mere glance at the villagers would have led the most superficial observer to doubt whether the fittest had survived.

How was the *débâcle* to be checked? How was village life to be made more attractive? That was the problem which exercised the mind of George Cherrybank; and, as a partial attempt to solve it, he had, with the rector's cordial consent, determined to organize a series of lectures and entertainments for the winter months.

The work of organization was not

a light one, for the amount of local talent that could be relied on was limited. The rector's tour to Palestine had already done duty several times, had also been much exploited in his sermons; still, it could be served up again, and would fill the bill for one occasion. Then Major Bridge was always ready to give his lecture on "Big Game in Borneo"; and Mr. Cherrybank thought that he could himself improvise something on the Principles of Political Economy, though the recent Fiscal Controversy had somewhat confused his ideas. That accounted for three evenings; a concert and a penny reading would bring the total up to five; a little bit of acting at Christmas-time might increase it to six. But where were the rest of the entertainments to come from? For Mr. Cherrybank's plan had been to have one per week, and an English winter, unfortunately, extends over a longer period than six weeks.

In this dilemma Mrs. Cherrybank, acting for her husband, entered upon a

correspondence with her friend Mrs. St. Heller, of Balham, an energetic and enthusiastic lady, who had espoused many causes in her day and sat at the feet of many Popes. The following extracts will give the reader a fair idea of its nature and scope:

The Manor, Silvertown:

September 3, 1907.

Darling Tootoo,—You are always so clever and so well informed that I am writing to you in a really *great* difficulty. Now *do* help me, like the dear, wise soul that you are. George is trying to arrange for some entertainments for our village this winter—something that will be *instructive* as well as *amusing*, you know. George is going to take political economy himself, and we have got promises from the Rector and Major Bridge; but, of course, that isn't nearly enough. You have such heaps of clever friends! *Do* you think that you could persuade any of them to take pity on us? Of course we should put them up and give them some shooting or hunting and so on, and George always gets on so well with clever people. Now do think of somebody; I am sure you must know of heaps.

Your loving,

Lulu.

PS.—Do you happen to know of a cook? I am afraid we are going to lose Emma, as she can't get accustomed to the country.

Garibaldi Villa, Balham:

September 5, 1907.

Dearest Lulu,—I am afraid that you vastly exaggerate my talents as a "Universal Provider." I wish I could come myself and talk to your villagers, but, as you know, James can't spare me; and it isn't easy to persuade people to lecture. So many men who are brilliant talkers in a drawing-room lose their nerve completely when they get on to a platform, like poor Charles Slackenthorpe. But I wonder that you haven't thought of writing to Horace Wetherby; *he* has no nerves, and an evening with him is a revelation. . . . It is no use asking me about cooks, as

I am in the same difficulty myself; for I fear I shall have to part with Mrs. Rice. I am practically certain that she *drinks*. Isn't it dreadful, for she exactly suited us!

Your loving,

Tootoo.

The Manor, Silvertown:

September 7, 1907.

Darling Tootoo,—Thank you so much for your dear letter. Yes, I wish you could come; but who is Mr. Wetherby? George doesn't remember ever to have heard of him, so it's not likely that poor ignorant little me should be any wiser. What is his subject, and could we write to him without *knowing* him? . . . I am so sorry about Mrs. Rice! When I was with you last spring, Alice told me that she seemed very queer: I have asked her to-day whether she meant *drink*, and she says, "Yes, that was it; only, of course, she didn't like to say so then."

Your loving,

Lulu.

Garibaldi Villa, Balham:

September 9, 1907.

Darling Lulu,—Not know who Horace Wetherby is! Wherever *have* you been living! Why, he is the greatest and most original thinker of the day—a prophet, a sort of second Carlyle, and he writes in *all* the papers! And what is his *subject*? Well, he can talk wisely and wittily about *everything*, from the cedar of Libanus to the hyssop that grows on the wall. You ought certainly to get him. An evening in his company will be quite as great a revelation to your country squires as to the villagers. . . . I find that I was quite mistaken about Mrs. Rice. She is a teetotaller of the bluest brand; but she has suffered a great deal from her teeth lately, poor thing, and, very unwisely, uses *laudanum* to allay the pain. I am afraid that your Alice must be rather *malicious*. Mrs. Rice tells me that she was a great mischief-maker in the servants' hall, and set them all by the ears. I think it is right that you should know this.

Your loving,

Tootoo.

The Manor, Silverton:
September 10, 1907.

Darling Tootoo,—Your prophet sounds delightful! But can we ask a favor of him without *knowing* him, and would he care to lecture to a small village audience like ours? Of course, we should do our best to make *everybody* come, but they are very apathetic and not very intelligent. If you *would* be so kind, George thinks it would be better that you should sound him first. . . . I am so glad about Mrs. Rice! But you are unjust to Alice; she is the soul of good-nature and most popular with the servants here. She says they knew all about the laudanum, and that it came from the *public-house*!

Your loving,

Lulu.

Garibaldi Villa, Balham:
September 12, 1907.

Darling Lulu,—There was no reason why you shouldn't have written to Mr. Wetherby, as you know he doesn't come for *nothing*. However, as you wished it, I have communicated with him, and he is to come to you on Nov. 10th—his one remaining free night, for he is in tremendous demand—for five guineas and expenses. He doesn't shoot or hunt, but he likes to meet *interesting* people; so I daresay you will have a house-party then. . . . Mrs. Rice has *shown* me the bottle, and it has the label of Fligg the chemist on it. She says that Alice shocked them all by the way she "carried on" with Joseph in the servants' hall.

Your loving,

Tootoo.

The Manor, Silverton:
September 14, 1907.

My Dear Tootoo,—George thinks that five guineas and expenses is a great deal to give, and, of course, if we were to *pay* all the lecturers at the same exorbitant figure we should soon be in the bankruptcy court. However, as you seem to have *engaged* him definitely, George thinks that we cannot now draw back. But we should like to know by what train he is coming and what his *subject* is to be—it must be something quite *simple*. We assume

that he will not stay for more than one night. . . . I am afraid that Mrs. Rice must be a very malicious and untrustworthy woman, and I think that she should be made to apologize to Alice, who is naturally very indignant at the *odious* calumny.

Your affectionate,

Lulu.

Garibaldi Villa, Balham:
September 15, 1907.

Dear Lulu,—As after all the trouble I have taken you are not satisfied with my arrangements, you had better write to Mr. Wetherby yourself. The Philosophers' Club, Balham, will find him. I think you may be assured that he will not be eager to stay for *more* than the one night. . . . I think that an apology is due not *to*, but *from*, Alice.

Yours ev.,

T. St. H.

As the result of a further correspondence with Mr. Wetherby, it was decided that the lecture should be on some historical subject, and the prophet finally selected as his theme "The Swedes as the Pivot of Continental Politics." Fearing that this title would sound rather formidably in the ears of rustics, Mr. Cherrybank shortened it to "The Swedes," and the local printer, thinking the definite article superfluous, cut it out, and issued the bill as follows:

On Nov. 10th, in the Schoolroom, at
8 P.M. punctually,

A Lecture on
SWEDES,

By Mr. H. Wetherby, Esq.
Lantern Slides.

When November 10 came round, Mrs. Cherrybank was a little flustered. She was accustomed to entertain ordinary people, but she had had no experience of prophets, and original thought rather intimidated her. The house party consisted only of Mrs. Cherrybank's aunt, who was rather deaf, and a friend of her husband's who had come for the hunting; but she had invited the Rector

and his wife, Major Bridge, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Knight, and half a dozen other local celebrities to an early dinner to meet the lecturer, who was expected to arrive at 6 P.M.

The first and most surprising revelation of the evening was the personal appearance of the prophet. Mrs. Cherrybank was prepared for a tall, majestic figure with a flowing white beard, and had half expected to be confronted with a leathern girdle and a demand for locusts and wild honey. Instead, there stepped into the room a small and stoutish man, faultlessly dressed, who bowed stiffly and talked about the weather. Nor did he shine in the drawing-room, in the trying interval that precedes the announcement of dinner. The guests, who had been somewhat intimidated by their hostess's description of Mr. Wetherby, were introduced one by one, and, finding that they had nothing to say, withdrew to talk hunting shop amongst themselves, leaving the prophet and Mr. Cherrybank to exchange platitudes on the hearthrug.

But at dinner after the first glass of champagne, he took up his parable and spoke. The Rector was lamenting to his neighbor, Miss Binns, that in the course of his travels he had found comparatively few Christians in Palestine. Mr. Wetherby caught the remark, and breaking off a conversation with his hostess on the amenities of Balham, he said in a loud voice, "Christianity has lost its hold on the Oriental mind through its Orientalism; in religious propaganda, as in vestry meetings, agreement is only possible through opposition; the thing we believe in is always the thing we doubt." Then, looking round the table, he added with intense conviction, "After all, the only real thing in the world is half-a-crown."

Conversation had ceased suddenly, and all ears were turned to the speaker.

"Why so?" the Rector ventured to interpose. It was a foolish question,

and the Rector should have known that certain Revelations must be taken "lying down"; but the Prophet took up the challenge.

"Why so?" he replied, "or, rather, how otherwise? To the man in the street, Plato's Republic, the Gospels, Blue-beard, and the Fiscal question are all myths; and the man in the street is the epitome of the man out of the street—the dustman is the concentrated experience of humanity. But give the dustman half-a-crown and it means to him the public-house—the realization of feelings that are his, because after the third glass they cease to be feelings and become a pain—and the only perfect thing in the world is pain."

For the rest of dinner Mr. Wetherby had the conversation to himself—which was what he wanted. He belonged to that school of thought which seeks to express truth through paradox, and the company was fairly dazzled by the fertility of his imagination.

"A brilliant talker!" whispered Mr. Cherrybank to the Rector, as they made for the carriages which were to take them to the schoolroom.

"Yes," replied the Rector doubtfully, "but a little daring, perhaps."

The village schoolroom was redolent of oil lamps and damp clothes. Although the night was wet, a fair number of farmers and laborers had come to hear the lecture, attracted by the title and the promise of a magic lantern. A sheet had been stretched across the back of the dais, the lantern was fizzing and popping ominously in the centre of the room, and the schoolmaster, obviously ill at ease, was fumbling with the slides. When Mr. Cherrybank had formally introduced him, the lecturer assumed an easy pose and began:

"Now, what is a Swede?"

There was a short pause, during which the rustics prodded each other shyly. One of the boldest was about

to hazard a reply for the honor of Silvertown, when Mr. Wetherby answered his own question.

"I will tell you," he said. "A Swede is neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral, neither fish, flesh nor herring but a prophecy and a portent. On his own poor soil and among his native forests he was a prophecy: at Lutzen, on the plains of Germany, he became a portent. But first let me show you a picture of a typical Swede."

He tapped his stick on the floor, and the lantern fizzed and clicked.

There was a puzzled pause, and then Mr. Cherrybank coughed, and said, "I fear there is some mistake, isn't there?"

The lecturer looked round and his face clouded with annoyance. "T—T!" he said. "That's the cannon-ball that killed Charles XII.—I'm coming to that later. Put the slides in, please, in the order in which I gave them to you."

The lantern clicked again and Charles XII. came in jerkily on his head.

So Mr. Wetherby stepped from the platform and went to the aid of the harassed operator. After considerable delay the slides were reduced once more to order and the lecturer resumed his discourse. And a very brilliant discourse it was. Gustavus Adolphus the Apostle, and Charles XII. the Devourer, of the Swedes, were introduced, turned inside out, and finally dismissed with a sparkling epigram; but their intrusion only added an element of perplexity to the larger part of the company, who, having started on a wrong tack, stuck to it with rustic obstinacy. Mr. Wetherby concluded with some daring conjectures on the future of Sweden, and then invited questions from his audience.

There was an uneasy shuffling of feet and a good deal of whispering, and finally a hard-headed, red-faced man, who farmed his own land, was lifted from his seat by his neighbors.

"Ah should lahk to ask 'ee, yung

mahu," he said, "whether 'ee knaw the diffrunse atween a Swede and a turnut."

"If that is a riddle," replied the lecturer, with condescending playfulness, "I am afraid that I must give it up."

"Ah! 'a thought 'ee didn't!" exclaimed the farmer triumphantly. "And 'a doan't believe the Dolphus or thic thar Chawles knawed un neether!"

At this point Mr. Cherrybank thought it wise to intervene.

"As it is getting late," he said, "and some of us have to be out of bed early to-morrow, I think that—er—that we won't trouble Mr. Wetherby with further questions. We have all listened, I am sure, with great interest, and—er—instruction to—er—what has been a most interesting and instructive—er—lecture. I am sure we are all very grateful to Mr. Wetherby for coming amongst us; and some of us will hope to hear him again, perhaps—er—elsewhere; and we shall all of us look forward, I am sure, with—er—with increased interest and—er—and interest to his brilliant contributions to the—er—to the daily papers."

"What a curiously perverse sense of humor your rustics have!" said Mr. Wetherby to the Rector, as they shook hands afterwards on the platform. "They missed the more obvious points and laughed at others which I should hardly have expected them to find amusing. They seemed to be especially tickled at the idea that the Swedes have a future. It was an interesting experience for me; for it is the only occasion on which I have ever lectured to a purely agricultural audience."

"I am afraid," said the Rector hesitatingly, "in fact, I am tolerably certain that they were under the impression, all the evening, that you were—in fact, that you were speaking about roots."

And, for the first time in his life, the Prophet found himself speechless.

G. F. Bradby.

A VISIT TO MOULAI EL HAFID.

I journeyed from Tangier in the early part of June, to try and make my way to Fez where Moulai el Hafid had just arrived, as I wished to find out the true state of affairs in the capital. I had studied the situation in Morocco from the papers, which during the past year have been so singularly badly informed, and almost the last words I read before leaving the coast were, "Moulai el Hafid has arrived at Fez, accompanied by about five hundred followers in rags. He proceeded to the Mosque to pray." These few lines did not convey a very cheerful picture of the prospects of the new Sultan of Morocco, and did not augur well for the success of my journey inland. Finding I could get no one to go with me to Fez from Tangier, I took steamer to Larache, a little port forty-eight miles down the coast, accompanied by a guide called Rabet, who could speak a little French, a little English, and had an acquaintance with several other languages. At Larache I bought a horse, hired mules, and rode inland twenty miles to Alcizar, where my real difficulties commenced. I was told it would be impossible to get through to Fez, but this is invariably the answer one receives when travelling off the beaten track, and it has long since ceased to trouble me. I soon found an invaluable companion for the journey in Mr. Harry Carleton, brother of Bibi Carleton, our Consul at Alcizar, who speaks Arabic like a native, and is well known and respected among the Moors.

Our first step was to buy Moorish clothes. Carleton elected to travel as a mountaineer, but I wore the white flowing robes of a Moor of the upper class. We had difficulty in procuring mules, because the Caïd of Alcizar, a

rabid pro-Hafidist, had issued stringent orders that none of the townspeople were to assist Europeans to go to Fez under divers pains and penalties, for he supposed their presence would not be welcome to his master. After a long search and much bargaining we came to terms with a swarthy negro muleteer, who agreed to carry our baggage to a village called Shimaja, thirty miles on the road to Fez, where we could pass the night with a Caïd who was friendly to Carleton. I elected to ride a horse on the road; but my companion preferred to sit on the top of a pack, declaring that on a long journey it was the more comfortable. We discarded all superfluous kit—carrying only a tent, some tinned provisions, a change of clothes, a Martini-Henry rifle, and a large revolver which I had purchased in Tangier. Owing to the Act of Algeciras, there is great difficulty in taking arms and ammunition into Morocco. I brought two rifles out from England, but they never got farther than Irún on the Franco-Spanish frontier, where they were seized by the Customs officers, who told me that, in addition to paying a duty equivalent to twice their value, I would have to obtain a permit from the Minister of War to carry them through Spain. Not wishing to delay my journey because of two old Mausers captured in the Boer War, I abandoned them to Spain. Just before the train started the gendarmes, touched with remorse, suggested that I should give them half a visiting card, and on my return, if I produced the other half and it fitted, I should receive my rifles back. To this compromise I agreed, and in consequence arrived at Tangier weaponless. After much trouble I bought the revolver of the Chief-Constable of Cadiz, who had been obliged to sell it

after a spree at Tangier, the conclusion of which found him with his ready money exhausted. I also bought fifty cartridges; and this weapon, carefully loaded, never left my side during my stay in Morocco. I only had to draw it on two occasions, and never to use it. On my return from Fez three months later I tried it on the sea between Larache and Tangier. Six times on pulling the trigger there followed the click of a hammer without any report. Four more cartridges were tried without result, and only the eleventh went off. Never put your trust in a second-hand foreign-made weapon!

The evening before I left Alcizar I witnessed a unique exhibition of snake-charming, and one which I never wish to see again. I was standing with Bibi Carleton and his brother Harry outside their house, when a fanatic came up, wildly gesticulating, calling down curses upon us, and holding in his hand a large, live and poisonous snake. His hair was dressed in ringlets, after the fashion of the early Victorian ladies, and his whole appearance was ferocious and disgusting. He was followed by a crowd of people who pressed round him, and wishing to clear the space, he took the snake by the tail and swung it round at arm's-length, quickly dispersing the spectators. The holy man then became pacified, curled the snake round his neck, and even allowed it to crawl partly down his back. Bibi Carleton said to me, "This man is a frequent visitor here, he is a fanatic, and we must humor him by giving him money." (Thus even does fanaticism yield to the power of money.) I handed over some silver, and most of the spectators did likewise. But this philanthropy instead of calming the man made him wilder than ever. He seized the snake by the tail, uttered fearful cries, and rushed at the specta-

tors. In a trice the street was cleared. Then he came in my direction, but having an intense horror of snakes, and not wishing to cause trouble by threatening to shoot him, I fled inside the house and watched the proceedings from this vantage-point. What followed disgusted me. This devoted child of the Prophet placed the head of the snake between his teeth, held the tail in his hands, and exerting all his strength stretched it out beyond its full length, until it broke off at the neck, leaving the head in his mouth. Then having swallowed the head, he walked down the street, at intervals biting bits of the still wriggling body. This was the last I saw of him.

On the following morning we left Alcizar at dawn, and did four good hours before the African sun appeared in all its glory and with all its accompanying discomfort. An hour after the sun rises the horses and mules lose their energy and seem to give up all hope. Their brisk step dies away, their heads droop, and with parched tongues lolling from their mouths they crawl along at two or three miles an hour. We passed through some splendid country. On the grass plains through which the road ran, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep and goats, camels and mules, were grazing. The villagers were at work in the cornfields reaping the harvest, and as they toiled they sang a strange, plaintive song, which really means, "Oh, Allah, be good to us, we are working our best." Travellers on the road were few, and were mostly muleteers. They eyed us with curiosity, and quickly discovered that I was no Moor, in spite of my native attire. Rabet, my interpreter, a native of Tangier, replied in various ways to the inquiries of the passers-by. At one time I was an Egyptian Mohammedan, having just returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and now on my way to the Shrine of Moulai Edriss at

Fez; to another I was the English Ambassador, and Carleton the German Minister, on our way to the capital to acknowledge Moulai el Hafid as Sultan; to others we were consuls, merchants, or Jews,—anything, in fact, which entered this accomplished Har's head.

Near our first camping-place we met three soldiers, bearing letters from Moulai el Hafid to his friends in Al-clzar. They became very friendly when we told them we were on our way to visit their master, and suggested that, as travelling was not safe, we should wait for them at our first camp, where they would rejoin us after having delivered their letters, and thus we could make the remainder of the journey together. To this we agreed, so, leaving the oldest of their number, who was tired out with the speed with which they had travelled, with us, the other two continued on their way, the present of a dollar securing their affection for all time. At 4 P.M. we crawled into Shimaja, and were greeted by the chief, who gave us a site for our tent, forage for our animals, and green tea to cool our thirst. This village was typical of most on the road to Fez: they are really temporary camps placed amidst the wheat-fields, and are moved every year or two years to cleaner ground. The houses are miserable hovels, made of mud and straw, and blackened with smoke. Children, dogs, and hens, and even donkeys, have free access to the huts, and all repair there for shelter from the sun and rain. During the day the villages are left to the children and dogs; at sunset the women return from their work in the fields, and the herdsmen drive in the cattle and sheep for food and protection. When all the cattle, sheep, goats, mules, horses, and camels, not forgetting the swarms of dogs and storks, are safely gathered

within the fold, the noise is indescribable. Feasting then commences. The Moors love late hours, especially during the hot weather, for the men sleep during the day whilst their wives are out working in the fields, and thus they can sit up the greater part of the night to watch over their flocks, and protect them from cattle-raiders from neighboring villages. Throughout Morocco there is a continual state of open hostilities between the tribesmen, and raids are frequent.

After spending a few days in a Moorish village you are struck by two facts—(1) the laziness of the majority of the men; (2) the amount of work that women have to do. They are kept hard at toil in the fields throughout the day; they are the hewers of wood and drawers of water, they do all the household work, and at the same time bring up large families. The men, with the exception of the laboring class who work in the fields with the women, spend the day sleeping, gossiping, or riding round to neighboring villages to call on their friends. Thus the richer the Moor the more wives and concubines he has, for they are his servants, and perform the household duties and all the hard manual labor. The result on the appearance and physique of the women of Morocco is naturally bad. There are many who are born with good looks and good figures, but at an early age their hard lives destroy their charms and they become slovenly and prideless, mere drudges to obey the commands of the master whose former affection has passed to younger and more handsome rivals. This is one of the great evils of polygamy, for the Moor being constantly able to renew the sharers of his heart and home, takes little trouble to preserve in comfort and good health the faithful companions of his early years.

But to the weary traveller who has

to be off at sunrise on the following morning, this feasting is far from welcome. At 8 P.M. our host brought before us a bleating lamb, and explained that he was about to slaughter it in our honor. It is customary to kill the animal in the presence of the guests, but as a concession to our dislike of blood the lamb was despatched out of sight. After waiting hours for our meal, I fell asleep. At midnight I was aroused, and presented with the liver beautifully cooked on skewers. Then followed another interval of sleep, and at 1 A.M. the Moorish national dish, *coscous*, was brought in. Our servants and the villagers continued to feast and to keep up an incessant chattering until 4 A.M. Fortunately we did not have to move off at an early hour, having promised to remain a day in camp to await the return of Hafid's soldiers from Alcizar. This delay was far from agreeable. The sun was abnormally hot, and there was not a leaf within miles to which one might fly for shade. It is impossible to sleep or to rest under the circumstances, and you lie in your tent cursing the sun and eagerly counting the seconds until it sinks below the western horizon. We had promised the soldiers to wait for them until 1 P.M. the following day, but on account of the heat we changed our minds and decided to move off at dawn, and allow them to overtake us on the road. It is a difficult task to get your caravan packed and started at the appointed hour. Your Moorish servants have no idea of time or punctuality, and dislike early rising. Therefore you must call yourself, kick the lot of them from under their blankets, and keep doing so until your tents are struck and your mules packed, for if you take your eye off them for a moment they fall asleep again. You are well rewarded by an early start, for you can ride four or five hours until

nine o'clock, and these are the coolest and most pleasant hours of the day. Then between nine and ten you choose a suitable spot, pitch your tent, and have lunch. We camped for the night in a large village on the Sebou river called Warga. Here the people were not so friendly, but the Caid, who knew Carleton, made us very welcome, and offered the customary gifts of a sheep, chickens, eggs, sugar and tea.

We had only been in camp a short time when the soldiers rejoined us from Alcizar, bringing Bibi Carleton with them, much to our surprise. He told us he had received a letter from Moulai el Hafid asking him to come to Fez immediately, as he wished to consult him. That night we had a great reunion of Caid and Headmen in Carleton's tent, and listened to many interesting stories of how the movement in favor of Hafid was progressing. Cup after cup of green tea went the round until a late hour.

On the following morning we made an early start, and covered nearly fifty miles before camping at the *kashah* of a Caid perched among the hills about six hours from Fez. The heat was very great, and our animals could hardly complete the stage. At dawn we were off again, and by 1 P.M., after what seemed an unending passage through the hills, I had my first view of Fez Djedid (New Fez). It was a cheering sight after our long ride, the pleasure of which had been entirely spoilt by the great heat. We waited for our tired pack animals to close up, and then rode towards the gate. Round the town were masses of white tents, where the soldiers of the Mahallas were camped, and the plain was dotted with mounted men in their picturesque white robes. Near the gates it occurred to us for the first time that we had nowhere to go to, so we stopped and had a consultation, and decided to make for the British Post

office, which had been left in charge of a Moorish gentleman, Mr. Mikowar, after the flight of the consuls in August, 1907. The streets were crowded with Moors, Jews, and Berbers, and we hurried through them with the hoods of our *jallabs* and *sulhams* wrapped round our heads to hide our faces from the wondering throng. Many of the Berbers who had come from the south with Moulai el Hafid had never seen a European before, and eyed us with much curiosity, but we were allowed to pass unmolested. On arriving at the post office we were informed, much to our surprise, by Mr. Mikowar, who is a prosperous banker of Fez, that the news of our coming had preceded us, and that Moulai el Hafid had ordered him to prepare a house for our use. To this we were conducted. It was large and airy, having five large rooms and a kitchen, all built round a small garden, in the centre of which was the usual tank of running water. Moulai el Hafid had ordered Mikowar to supply us with all we wanted, and this gentleman had filled the house with Moorish carpets, elegant brass bedsteads, sheets and blankets, chairs, tables, and cooking utensils. In addition, Hafid had sent a *Caid* and four soldiers to take up their permanent abode with us, to watch over our safety by day when we sauntered forth into the streets, and to guard our house by night. But after the first few days I discarded the escort, and went all over Fez alone with my Moorish guide. It was no easy matter to drag the soldiers from their comfortable mattresses; and if you succeeded, it cost you in tips at the rate of about a dollar a mile per man. On the morning after our arrival I found we were to be treated during our stay as the guests of Moulai el Hafid, and were not to be allowed to buy even our own food. Such is the hospitality of this barbaric race. Even a special

cook was placed at our disposal. At dawn the imperial administrators knocked at the door, bearing our *mouna* (food) for the ensuing twenty-four hours. The items were: a whole sheep, a dozen chickens, countless loaves of bread, eggs, fresh butter, green tea, coffee, sugar, melons, plums, apples, pears, potatoes, tomatoes, and onions. This supply was continued up to the time of my departure. Naturally it was more than we required for our own use, and the inhabitants in our neighborhood were not long in discovering this. Henceforth a crowd of soldiers, friendly but impoverished *Caid*s, poor children, and even Jews, attached themselves to our household uninvited, and lived on the Sultan's generosity. I made repeated efforts to keep some order amongst this unruly throng, which grew to such dimensions that at times we could not secure sufficient food for our own use. It was snatched up before our cook had the chance of securing the choicest portions. Therefore every two or three days I was obliged to turn everybody out of doors; but it was of little use, for back they came with renewed vigor.

When I arrived at Fez I should have found, according to the newspapers, the city in a state of uproar, with Moulai el Hafid and his "five hundred ragged followers" holding their own with difficulty amidst thousands of the supporters of Abdul Aziz. How different was the reality! The city was outwardly calm, the officials were performing their administrative duties, and Hafid was quietly at work establishing his government. I spent the first few days calling upon the Ministers in order to become acquainted with the leaders of the Hafidist movement. The three most powerful supporters of Hafid are El Glawi, *Caid* of the Atlas, Si Aissa Ben Omar, *Caid* of Abda, and Si Abdul-karim Shergul, the

Caid of the tribes round Fez. Si Aissa is Foreign Minister, and El Glawi the Prime Minister, or Grand Vizier as that official is known in Mohammedan countries. When one considers that Hafid had only entered the capital three weeks before, he had established a firm hold on all sections of the populace in a remarkably short time. This was by no means an easy task, for he had to deal with the warlike Berbers, who had come with him from the south, ever ready to loot; with the townspeople who, since the departure of Abdul Aziz, had enjoyed complete freedom from taxation and were therefore somewhat out of hand, and with the fifteen thousand Jews in the Mella. But he succeeded in reconciling the conflicting interests and making himself popular with all classes. So assured was Hafid of his position, that he set aside nearly all the conditions under which the people of Fez had consented to receive him as Sultan. One of these was that no Europeans should be allowed to enter the capital, yet here we were as his guests. The Jews were delighted to see a Sultan once again established at the Marzhen. For a year, ever since their friend and emancipator Abdul Aziz had gone south, their lot had not been a happy one. They were denied the privileges granted them by Aziz, were jostled and insulted in the streets, and lived, or professed to live, in hourly terror of their lives. I am inclined, however, to think that they exaggerated their dangers. When Hafid entered Fez they trembled all the more, for they argued, like others, "Here is a fanatic, determined to close his country to the foreigner, who will be wanting money, and who will grind us down with heavy taxation, as well as curtail the rights and privileges granted us by Abdul Aziz." These fears were groundless, for Hafid's first step was to ensure their proper protec-

tion, and from the day he entered Fez the Jews were once again able to walk outside the Mella in safety. Hafid charged nothing for this protection, much to the surprise of the Jews, and they were merely called upon to pay, equally with the Mohammedans, the old imposts on the sale of certain articles and the octroi charges at the gates of the town, which had been in force under Abdul Aziz.

Nevertheless, for the first two months after Hafid entered the capital there was an Azist party in the town, hardly formidable enough to make their presence felt, but who worked quietly in the interests of their old master. They were to be found among the business class, who had enjoyed special trading rights under Aziz, and who had made large sums of money by catering to the many weaknesses of that monarch and his corrupt gang of advisers. These gentlemen knew that their bright day of spoliation and speculation was at an end with the advent of a man who is above making money at the expense of his country; so they schemed to bring about his downfall. The agents of this party filled the French press with false reports, which they sent off in shoals to Tangier day by day. You found them at the palace eating the Sultan's bread and enjoying his protection and favors, yet doing all in their power to blacken his character, and to make Europe believe that his success was purely temporary, and that any moment his downfall might take place. One of these men, the agent of the French post office, a native Algerian who spoke French perfectly, came to see me day by day. His conversation always opened up in the same manner. Drawing me into a dark corner (beloved by the conspirator), he would whisper in my ear, "*Je vous assure, monsieur, que la chute de Hafid est seulement une question des jours.*" 11

n'a pas des armes ni d'argent ni d'ammunition. Les Fasis le détestent. La ville est prêt de proclamer Abdul Aziz le moment qu'Hafid quitte Fez." Day after day this gentleman would come to me with this same story. Another strange character at the court of Hafid was a certain French Commandant called Benomar. He wore a gay uniform of his own design, and on his breast were displayed medals for hot service in Tunis, Algeria, and Tonkin, as well as Khedivial stars and British medals for various campaigns in the Soudan. No one could state accurately his nationality. He professed to be an Algerian-born French subject who had served in the Coastguard Service in Egypt after leaving the French Army. He said he had served under Kitchener ("homme terrible"), under Hunter ("homme gentil"), and under Wingate ("homme très intelligent"). On Hafid's arrival at Fez, the Commandant offered his services as military instructor. The Sultan accepted them, and every day the Commandant went out to drill troops, who refused to obey him on the grounds that he was French. The Commandant also prepared a scheme for the reorganization of the Sherifian Army, which he tried to get the Sultan to adopt. The latter had by this time become suspicious of Benomar, having heard he was a spy, and resolutely refused to receive him. From that time forth the Commandant was a pathetic figure, hanging round the palace waiting for his audience which never came. He had red hair, a nose which had suffered from a violent collision, huge red side whiskers, a gigantic moustache, a light blue uniform, baggy white knickers, bare legs, patent-leather shoes, a red turban, a gold sash, and a gigantic sword. His gestures were theatrical in the extreme, and he could keep up an incessant flow of conversation on the subject of the

reorganization of the Moorish Army, declaring that in his able hands it would become a splendid fighting machine. The Commandant was one of the most pessimistic on the subject of Hafid. He came to me day by day with the tale that his downfall was certain, and frankly advised me to fly before it was too late. When I left Fez he told me he corresponded not only with the French Government, but also with General D'Amade!

I had only been in Fez a few days when I received a summons from Hafid to visit him at the palace. The palace is composed of a jumble of buildings covering a huge area, and as difficult to traverse as a maze. Mixed in hopeless confusion are mosques, reception rooms, private apartments, courtyards, and the harem. The exterior is a uniform white, and the palace having been unoccupied for a year was sadly in need of repair. On the occasion of my first interview I went to the Grand Courtyard, where I found the Moroccan Army assembled, the guns drawn up, and the band playing lively and familiar military airs. The Army was delightful. It looked as if a committee composed of Lord Lansdowne, Arnold Foster, Brodrick, and Haldane had been unable to come to a decision as to what was the most suitable uniform, and therefore each had clothed a portion according to his fancy. Some of the soldiers wore red coats, some green, some blue, and some yellow, whilst the infinite variety and color of the breeches added to the circus-like effect. The rifles were of many patterns—Gras, Martinis, Mausers, Remingtons, and Lee-Metfords. The bayonets were stuck through belts and buttonholes, or down the back to protect the spine from the sun. Many of the companies were made up of boys, for the father of a large family introduces a few of his sons into the ranks in order that their names may

swell the deferred pay-sheets. Under the portico leading to the palace I found the Foreign Minister and all the big officials seated. The Sultan was receiving deputations from the tribesmen that morning, who brought him presents of money, horses, saddles, and other gifts. A continuous stream of warriors were being passed politely in by the palace officials, and kicked out as soon as their gifts had been delivered. Meanwhile the band in the courtyard kept up a lively concert. After a wait of two hours my summons came, and I was conducted by the Foreign Minister into the presence of Hafid, through a long line of Moorish flunkies, who held out eager palms for tips. Hafid was seated on a sofa at the end of a passage which did not even boast of a carpet. On either side were lumber-rooms filled with boxes containing toys left behind by Abdul Aziz. A single attendant stood by the Sultan and brushed away the insects and flies. I spent nearly two hours with Hafid, during which he talked freely on a great many subjects, political, social, and commercial. He seemed to delight in comparing his own country with Europe, and to note the differences. Moulai el Hafid is a handsome, strongly-made man, thirty years of age, who impresses all who come across him with his patriotism, his sincerity of character, and his sagacity. This was the first of many pleasant hours I spent in Hafid's society.

A Mohammedan people enjoy one great advantage over all others,—they never suffer from the anticipation of that which is to come, and, as a natural result, they can always enjoy the present, although only a few hours may separate them from disaster, or even from death. Their implicit belief in an ordained future imparts a dignified repose and outward calm to all their actions. Thus in spite of the trials

and troubles which threatened the State during my stay at Fez, a smooth surface of unchangeable serenity veiled the inner thoughts of every individual, from the Sultan to the nigger at his gates. On what were their minds concentrated during these eventful days? Apparently on the most trivial matters. An English Department of State during a war, home disturbances, or a financial crisis, presents a scene of indescribable bustle and confusion. Every official, from the harried Secretary of State to the bemedalled commissioner at the hall-door, looks worn-out and ready to drop. Tempers are testy, collars become soft, harmless inquirers are jostled about with small regard, and hasty meals, snatched at odd intervals, throw the frail human machine still further out of gear. When the period of stress is over there are gaps in the ranks. Some have resigned, unable longer to withstand the departure from the normal speed of life, and others have even succumbed to the wear and tear of critical times. Now is all this necessary? Do we not attach too much importance and urgency to those affairs which revolve in our own particular orbit. Could we not in this respect study with advantage the Mohammedans, and in some measure acquire that repose and control of the feelings which spring from the power, to completely detach the mind from the past and from the future, and to concentrate it on the enjoyment of the present. Undoubtedly, to obtain this perfection the observation of certain outward forms common to the whole community is very necessary. These must become so much a part and parcel of the life of the nation that the question of setting them aside in times of emergency, and thus deranging the daily routine, never arises, because no emergency, not excepting death, can equal the importance attached to

the observation of these outward forms. Thus Mahomet, when he ordained that the Holy Men should ascend the minarets and call the faithful to prayer seven times a day, did more to steady the nerves of his followers and to preserve their health than all the rest-cures and quack medicines of Western civilization. It is not the actual prayers which do the good (though far be it that I should belittle their salutary effect!),—it is the complete detachment and rest which they bring, and the accompanying break in every individual's occupation at certain hours of the day. Surely it would be an excellent innovation if Secretaries of State, officials, business men, and Members of Parliament were obliged to carry mats under their arms and at fixed hours to rest, and if of a religious turn of mind, to pray. This practice, if introduced into Europe, would materially assist to keep all in a slow and measured tread. During a Cabinet Council, when some polemical measure was under discussion, such as the "Abolition of the House of Lords," "Votes for Women," or "Old Age Pensions," surely there would be fewer wild decisions, internal dissensions, and hasty resignations if at the sound of the mueddin's voice calling the faithful to prayer our Ministers adjourned to their mats and rested awhile.

- How differently do they behave under similar circumstances in Fez. The affairs of State are conducted at the Marzhen, which is made up of the Sultan's palace and Government buildings. The scene is far more animated and picturesque than the outside of a Government Department at Whitehall. Ministers and officials do not arrive in cabs and taxis, but each rides up on his horse or mule, accompanied by a numerous and resplendent retinue. The saddles are of many colors,—purple, red, orange and green,—and each rests

on a foundation of blankets, ten in number, all variegated, and this mass of colors shows up well against the white of the palace. Inside the courtyard, which is large and rectangular, the officials, sightseers, and petitioners crowd under the arcades, seeking shelter from the broiling sun. At the far end is the Sultan's pavilion in which he gives audiences, and the majority of those in the court below are waiting to see him. Some have been for days in attendance, others for weeks, and although their patience merits reward, the majority will go away disappointed unless perchance they bring gifts to the Sultan, which will give them a precedence over the empty-handed. Those who are rich have the better chance, for they can anoint the palms of the long line of hungry servitors who guard every step of the Sultan's stairway. The unfortunate who have no money stand but a poor chance of gazing on the Well Beloved. During the mornings, the Foreign Minister is always in attendance on the Sultan at the palace to make presentations. He is installed, with his secretaries, in a little room, thickly matted and carpeted, the only furniture being a small desk containing paper and envelopes and sealing-wax. Here the staff of the Foreign Office sit for hour after hour, apparently waiting for something to do. If a letter has to be written and despatched, it is handled with the utmost care and deliberation; and if a consultation is held, it is conducted on the same leisurely lines. For the rest, each official remains master of his own thoughts, takes snuff, others fall asleep, and at intervals an old nigger, carrying a goat's-skin and brass cups, hands water to the thirsty Under-Secretaries of State. Occasionally a series of regular thuds from the courtyard arouses a faint interest among the onlookers. They come from a corner where a lit-

the group of palace servants have assembled, and the sound is produced by punishments being meted out to some slave who has erred, and who has been sentenced to so many strokes of the birch-rod, which may run into three figures. This throws a great strain on the executioner, and after one becomes tired another steps into the ring to take his place, so that a uniformity of stroke may be obtained throughout. The victim is held down by four attendants, but the negroes, who are a stoical race, seldom struggle or cry out during this visitation.

It must be borne in mind that even this leisurely programme is adjourned every Thursday, which is a Day of Rest, and every Friday, which is the Mohammedan's Sunday, and whenever a reasonable excuse can be found for a holiday it is invariably seized upon. I have known State affairs adjourned, at a critical period, for twenty-four hours, to celebrate the anniversary of the marriage of the Sultan's wife's sister. Even the agitated times through which we were passing allowed of no departure from this settled routine, and the patriotic Minister who saw the precious moments slipping by, comforted his conscience with the reflection that Abdul Aziz and his advisers were taking matters just as easily at Rabat. In Morocco it is not etiquette for one political party to steal a march on the other.

After a short stay at Fez I became on very friendly terms with most of the leading men, and I was frequently entertained at their houses. The Moorish hours for meals are at three in the afternoon, corresponding to our dinner, and a supper late at night, generally between eleven and twelve. The Arabs are famous for their hospitality, and I spent many pleasant hours at these strange barbaric feasts. Shortly after my arrival the Foreign Minister, Si Aissa Ben Omar, was com-

manded by Moulai el Hafid to give a dinner in honor of the few Europeans who had drifted to Fez. Si Aissa is a remarkable man, the typical chief of a large and powerful tribe, and the typical father of a multitudinous polygamous family. This splendid type of the Moorish father has sixty-three sons, all of whom can ride with the exception of the youngest, a child of three, and they form a mounted escort for their father. It may be assumed that Si Aissa's daughters outnumber his sons in the proportion of two to one, and thus the Foreign Minister's family approaches the very respectable figure of two hundred, which should at least ensure for him the commendation of President Roosevelt. Si Aissa has a very fine house at Fez, formerly the property of Tassi, Abdul Aziz's finance Minister, who robbed the State and filled his own pockets so successfully. On the arrival of Hafid at Fez Tassi's house was confiscated together with 35,000 dollars found buried in the garden. When Si Aissa is not at the palace he conducts affairs of state sitting in his garden, and it was here that he gave his dinner to the small party of Europeans. On our arrival we sat for a considerable time before our host made his appearance. You are always kept waiting in Morocco, even if you arrive an hour behind time yourself. Si Aissa is, however, one of the most punctilious of men in the performance of the ritual of his religion, and he allows no circumstance to stand between him and the observance of his faith. When at length he appeared, followed by a single attendant carrying a mat, he passed us without salutation, gazing neither to the right hand nor to the left. Walking to the fountain, he carefully washed his face and hands, and then knelt in prayer on the mat, his gaze fixed towards Mecca. His prayers were carried on with the greatest

animation, and frequently he would rise to his full height, only to fling himself on his face after the manner of those abdominal exercises prescribed by Sandow. His devotions lasted twenty minutes, and judging by the frequent side-glances in our direction, he was making a special appeal to Allah to forgive him for entertaining the infidel. His prayers at an end, Si Aïssa greeted us cordially and gathered us round him in a circle, where we sat cross-legged on mats, so as to be in reach of the dishes, which are placed in the centre. A Moorish feast is of the most primitive kind, although the food is good and well cooked. All the familiar adjuncts are missing. There are no tables, chairs, plates, knives, forks, spoons, cups, or glasses. No drinks except water out of a bowl which is passed from hand to hand, and green tea which is served in little cups at the end of dinner. There is just the one large dish, round which all gather and each secures what he can, grabbing for the choicest portions. Dinner generally consists of four courses: two of stewed meats, one of roast chickens, and the fourth of the national dish *coscous*, which is made of ground corn, and can be served with meat like a pilau, or made up as a sweet. At your side are placed large dishes filled with sliced water-melons, which take the place of drinks. At the end of dinner more fruit is brought in, and a slave hands round cup after cup of sweet tea, flavored with mint. At first the idea of eating out of the same dish with your neighbor with your fingers does not appear very attractive to the European, and at times it is a difficult process, but habit soon reconciles you to the change, and you find that in many ways it has its advantages over the usual method. When roast chickens were brought in I thought they would be difficult to carve with the fingers.

The mystery was quickly solved by the Foreign Minister, who seized one of the birds and tore it into its natural divisions with remarkable skill. When the last dish is removed a slave enters with a bronze basin, a kettle of cold water, and a piece of soap, and each guest washes his hands. The dishes then are borne away to serve at a dinner of minor officials, after which the leavings are conveyed to the soldiers and servants. During this dinner given by Si Aïssa Ben Omar I noticed a continuous stream of ill-clad tribesmen who came in at the front door, marched solemnly past the spot where we were at dinner, and then went out at the back. The reason for this procession I only learnt afterwards. It was a harmless deception on the part of Si Aïssa Ben Omar, who had arranged that deputations of the tribesmen should see us Europeans at dinner in order that they might return to their homes with the tale that Moulai el Hafid was already recognized by the Powers, and that the Foreign Ministers were at Fez. After dinner we were entertained by Moorish musicians. The four most talented in Fez had been hired for the occasion: one of them thumped a guitar, another a triangle, and the two others played violins upside down as if they were 'cellos, the four singing, the while, the most passionate and indecorous love-songs. The result was a dreadful dirge, which would most certainly have been fatal to any courtship under Western rules. One of the four was famous as a comedian. He had red hair, a fair skin, and side whiskers after the manner of a rural groom. He could imitate any species of animal or bird with great skill, but his *pièce de résistance* was to take off various tunes he had heard on the gramophone. The result would have driven Edison, even recalling his own early discordant notes, to despair; but it sent the For-

eign Minister, the great Caid, and the Under-Secretaries into convulsions, and of course we laughed too at Morocco's Dan Leno. Thus the evening passed. Such was the peace and detachment, that it was impossible to believe we were isolated in a city

Blackwood's Magazine.

seething with fanaticism, while outside its walls civil war raged. It was an admirable lesson how to leave the past to the past, the future to the future, and to take the present as the gods ordain.

E. Ashmead Bartlett.

THE "AMERICAN WOMAN."

To the Editor of the Spectator.

Sir,—It is proper to repeat the reservation which was made in the outset that the term "American woman" is intended to define a type, and not to describe the mothers, wives, and daughters of the average American man.

There yet remains one function which is in the exclusive possession of the woman, and no means have been discovered up to the present time by which it can be better performed. That is the part which she plays in the propagation of the species. Deprived of this excuse for existence, the female of the human race becomes entirely a parasite. And yet in respect of this remaining function there is some evidence that the "American woman" is not doing her best, that she is following the example of that unprofitable servant who wrapped up his one talent in a napkin. It is quite possible that this indisposition to exercise a natural function is not due to recalcitrancy, but to an instinct that the species is not worth reproducing. By a purely mental process a woman might arrive at the conclusion that this human race is not worth propagating, and there is some ground for that view of the case. But she should remain true to the austerity of this doctrine, and not vitiate the intellectual independence of which she boasts by involving herself in social conditions. The time for proclaiming one's freedom is before, not after, one has consented to eat the

bread of another. But the plea which the "American woman" puts forward is the less cynical one that the quality of offspring is more important than quantity. This, I believe, is a favorite subject of discussion at those assemblages of women which with some degree of incongruity are styled mothers' meetings. At one of these meetings, inquiry showed that the technical motherhood estimated in terms of offspring amounted to .87 per cent. An examination of this defence of quality against quantity involves the assumption that it is worth considering the opinion of persons who know nothing of the matter in hand, and the further assumption that motherhood is conferred by the mere act of attendance at these meetings. The plea is fallacious, for it is a law of life discovered by experience that individual degeneration of the offspring accompanies numerical diminution. But one who would not object much to the sudden extinction of the race might well deplore a long gradation of decay. There is a profound scientific refutation of this fallacy that quality may be obtained at the expense of quantity. Professor Karl Pearson has shown from his investigations into the inheritance of tuberculosis that the earlier members of a large family are more apt to inherit disease than those who are born later, and that, therefore, the limitation of families to two children, which now appears to be the desirable num-

ber, is increasing the percentage of persons with weak constitutions. This is Nature's method of dealing with the fictitious law of primogeniture. Human ingenuity is powerless in face of the mysterious laws by which reproduction is governed; and created beings invariably get the worst of it when they set themselves in opposition to those laws. But, fortunately or unfortunately, a diminishing birth-rate is confined only to those societies which we are accustomed to think of as highly civilized. The phenomenon is not new. The Greeks foresaw and feared it. To them the Amazon was the woman broken away from her natural obligations, always a peril to the race. Amongst the Romans Juvenal made his grim jests at her expense. A false education, he affirmed, which stimulated false energies and excited abnormal ambitions, made her contemptuous of her femininity, and encouraged her to substitute for it an ideal which was hybrid and grotesque. It was a favorite view of Sir Thomas Browne that the stork only chose to inhabit those countries which were free. Strangely enough, in these days it is to the countries which are free—if freedom be indicated by a Republican form of government—that this bird of good omen comes the least frequently.

An instinct fails when it ceases to be exercised. When women in the progress of civilization abandoned the practice of living in trees for the comfort of a cave, it may be well imagined that they quickly forgot the nice art of tree-keeping. Similarly those who live in "flats" no longer retain a remembrance of the days when they dwelt in houses, and the house as a habitation has become as extinct for them as the cave. The instinct for propagating the species is no exception to this law, and in time the female of this type will become sexless in all but form, which is now so firmly fixed that we may not expect

any fundamental alteration. And yet a variation in type is appearing. The "American woman" retains her girlhood until comparatively late in life, and then suddenly, to her grief and rage, falls into a condition of senility which no devices serve long to postpone. Indeed, the expression "married girls" is commonly employed in those periodicals which concern themselves with her doings. And the proof that this instinct is failing is found in the remedy which is offered,—that the nature of it be taught in schools from books on physiology. Self-reliance is the most deadly gift which the female of this race can possess; and yet the girl who is destined to develop into an "American woman" is taught from her earliest years to be assertive of her opinions, insistent upon her rights, and clamorous for a consideration which can only be given ungrudgingly when it is least demanded. And so she goes through life with squared shoulders and set face, alert for "any insult to her womanhood." The American man, loving peace, desiring to be left to his employments and devices, pretends to acquiesce, and so leaves her in the enjoyment of the fool's paradise which she has created for herself. A militant woman is as futile as a militant Church. The American boy who has been sedulously taught by the spoken and printed word that the American girl is the highest product of civilization—a miracle of beauty, conduct, and character—does not for ever retain this illusion. Certainly one out of ten does not after an intimate experience lasting 3.42 years, according to the best statistics available. The root of the matter is that the "American woman" is lawless,—without law. The law is that the physically weak are subject to the physically strong. By no subterfuge, or evasion, or resort to simile, analogy, or hyperbole can weak be converted into strong. Things are as they

are because the world of life has grown up under this law. The "American woman" proclaims that by reason of her strength of intellect, her profundity of affection, her dazzling beauty, and the height of her emotion she has emancipated herself. Even if she were in possession of all these qualities—which in itself is an assumption—that would not involve her freedom. But the American man has acquiesced in this declaration of rights, and the woman is without the shelter which her weakness gives.

There is a nice balance in Nature. The strong and the weak exist side by side, because the weak know that they are weak, and conduct themselves accordingly. They acquire a caution, a pretty cunning, an adaptability to their surroundings. They learn to evade what they cannot resist, to avoid what they cannot master, because they are aware that resistance is stupidity, and means destruction. The woman differs only in degree from the rest of created beings. Her natural resources, those by which she will prevail, are gentleness, long-suffering, kindness. When she abandons these, she does not necessarily, in the present stage of civilization lose her life. She merely becomes an "American woman." In striving for her "rights" the American woman has lost her influence, and has given us a new reading of the old fable of the bone and its shadow. The world has never had more than five main ideas and all but one have come from the East. This problem of the woman exercised the minds of the patriarchs of Lower Asia, and it was solved before Solomon was yet born. Paul, himself half Oriental and half Hellene, gives us the solution in the words: *the woman who has a veil on her head wears authority on her head.* The veil of the Eastern woman is the sign of her mystery. When she discards the veil her sanctity, her honor, her

dignity, her authority all vanish. I shall not be guilty of the absurdity which there would be in recommending that women who of an afternoon drive in the Park or walk in the Avenue should swathe their heads in Oriental wrappings. But the light can be a veil as well as the darkness. In a brilliant room one sees nothing of the foulness which lurks without. Every woman is born with a veil. She is an eternal mystery, as even Lord Byron confessed after his assiduous research. Gentleness, and goodness, and continual quietness, and beauty of nature are always mysterious. I am not saying that all women are in possession of these qualities. Indeed, it is the very absence of them which makes the veil a greater necessity. The assemblage of boys with girls for education, as it is called with some degree of assumption, serves to dispel this mystery. Studies are assigned to girls because they are identical with those given to boys, and not that they are best for the girls, or for the boys either. This also draws aside the veil. The comradeship which athletics engender is based upon the performance of physical feats in which the woman is always at a disadvantage, and so is inferior. A man expects very little of a woman, nothing more than that she shall willingly receive kindness at his hands, and that she will permit herself to be loved. Little as this is, it is much. Without it he is condemned to a brutish isolation. And what has a man to offer to a woman in return for her adorable qualities? Nothing beyond this, that "the husband render to the wife due benevolence." By no process of bargaining can she obtain more.

The "American woman" thinks the American man is as good as he is because she loves him so much. She is so self-satisfied that she thinks every one must love her, and must continue to love her, entirely irrespective of the

conduct which she may choose to indulge in. A husband who should cease to love so glorious a creature must be a fool whose love is not worth striving to retain. The influence of woman is the subject of all verse, and is best expressed by the word "charm." And what is charm? Certain things it is not. It is not excessive talkativeness, nor that distortion of the countenance in public places which is called laughter. Not intellectual attainment nor the artistic temperament assures its possession. It does not necessarily lie in the physical beauty of a symmetrical musculature. Teeth and eyes and hair are mere epidermal modifications. Charm is everything which the "American woman" thinks it is not. Charm lies in what a woman is, not in what she does, nor in how she looks. The American women—all women—should turn upon the "American woman," as judges and executioners, with cold, deliberate indignation, in such virgin fury as the workers in the hive display towards the great idle, sugary-mouthed drones unconscious on the melliferous walls. And, happily, there is evidence that the people are tired of the farce. This revulsion

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of feeling is led by the really educated women who are willing to confess that even they themselves have missed the mark, and that their humbler sisters have chosen the better part. For the ignorant and newly rich the educated women have nothing but scorn; for those who would emancipate themselves from the law they have infinite compassion. The woman who is happy is she who obeys the law of kindness, who goes quietly. Her husband yields her benevolence. His heart doth safely trust in her, and her children call her blessed. The woman who will prevail is the effeminate woman, who overcomes man by the force of continual quietness. She may understand all knowledge, and have strength to remove all public grievances, yet she is nothing if she has not entered into the mystery of gentleness. The woman who finally attains to consideration is she who suffers long and is kind, who envieth not, who vaunteth not herself, and is not puffed up, who doth not behave herself unseemly, who seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, who thinketh no evil, beareth all things, and believeth all things. I am Sir, &c.,

Andrew Macphail.

216 Peel Street, Montreal.

THE "AMERICAN WOMAN."

To the Editor of the Spectator.

Sir,—The "vivid" communication you published last week is, as you rightly say, so "suggestive" that I hope you will be good enough to publish some of the thoughts which it has suggested to an Englishwoman. You guard yourself in your editorial note from appearing to countenance an attack on the women of a friendly nation. But what you find "no small pleasure" in giving prominence to is really a thinly veiled attack on women as "found throughout the modern world." It may be

timely in these pleasure-loving days to mark one's detestation of the idle, self-indulgent, hard pleasure-seeker,—man or woman. It is true that civilization has made it possible for many men and a still larger number of women to live in absolute idleness if they like. And if such a book as "The Metropolis" presents a true picture of American social life, Dr. Macphail may well write severely of its women,—one wonders that he should let off the men scot-free. But the characters in "The Metropolis," and the women of Dr. Macphail's "vivid"

picture are the horrid "freaks" of civilization, and not its normal product. Sometimes he seems conscious that he is speaking of the exceptional cases; but then comes such a startling statement as the following: "There is money and idleness for the women of the well-to-do: *idleness alone for the women of the poor.*" (The italics are mine.) This statement vitiates the whole article. He is so angry because some women can be and are idle that he is blind to the fact that the majority of women are compelled by nature and circumstances to work harder than most men. The poor woman of to-day is cook and nurse and dressmaker and laundress and wife and mother and part bread-winner all in one. In masses of homes the wife must add earnings to the husband's to keep body and soul together. If lurid pictures are to be drawn of the evil ways of one sex at one end of society, let a counterbalancing picture be shown of the lurid facts too frequently found at the other end, where the husband is often content to let his wife do all the bread-winning, while preserving to himself the manly prerogatives of the vote and the leather belt. I hope that everybody who reads Dr. Macphail's letter will also read the short sketch of "The Mother" in Mr. Galsworthy's recently published "Commentaries."

According to Dr. Macphail, the well-to-do woman of to-day delegates all her duties; and he would not mind it so much if they were not delegated to men instead of to other women. Does he really think that in ordinary society we all enjoy the superior dainties supplied by the man cook? Do most of us have our clothes from Worth? Does he accept unconsciously the mass of domestic services that even the rich do not get men to do for them? The invaluable nurse is recognized by him as being a woman, and so she is called a hireling. The vast army of women

teachers who are educating all the little children, and most of the big ones, in these modern days are outside Dr. Macphail's line of vision. They do not fit in with his argument that since the woman no longer has to prepare the skin and cook the flesh of the animal shot by her husband, civilization has turned her into an idle being. It would be as true to say that since the man no longer has to slay his food, he too is an idler; but the folly of the latter assertion of course requires no demonstration. In real truth, however, according to Dr. Macphail's own showing, the well-to-do woman often needs in these days to find and make work for herself. And because she is doing it in all seriousness, and devoting herself to philanthropic and social and political interests with an increasing sense of responsibility or a growing desire to try actively to better the conditions of things about her, she is treated to the bitterest gibe of all. But there is no pleasing Dr. Macphail, whether you give your leisure for others and want a vote, or are content with a simple outdoor game, although you cannot hit a ball as hard as a man can. Should a woman go for a walk, I wonder, seeing that the average woman cannot walk as far or as fast as the average man?

But to conclude. You, Sir, might take some comfort from the fact that it is not the idle, the self-indulgent, or the frivolous woman who wants a vote. They all think it a most unwomanly desire. It is only the real worker among and for other women who is asking for it in the hope that even the frivolous and the idle may be stirred to a deeper sense of the responsibilities of their sex.—I am, Sir, &c.

Edith Bethune-Baker.

23 Cranmer Road, Cambridge.

[We admit that there is a great deal of truth in Mrs. Bethune-Baker's criti-

cism of the details of Dr. Macphail's letter,—a letter which, we were careful to point out, represented the writer's views and by no means in all points the views of the *Spectator*. We expressed our dissent from the passage about the nurse even more strongly than Mrs. Baker. At the same time, we are convinced that, in spite of occasional exaggerations and injustices, Dr. Macphail is doing good service in condemning the particular type of woman he describes. His concluding

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letter, which deals with the unwillingness of the "American woman" to perform the main function of woman in the world, is now and then much too strongly expressed, but in the main it follows the lines of President Roosevelt's arraignment of a certain selfish section. Though we cannot for obvious reasons, open our columns to a discussion of "race suicide," we must express our general agreement with the President on this matter.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

THE LIFE SPHERICAL.

It was a beautiful September day, and we floated softly over green Surrey.

"And this is England!" said my friend. "I am indeed glad to be here at last, and to come in such a way."

"You could not," I said, "have chosen a more novel or entertaining means of seeing the country for the first time."

We leaned over the edge of the basket and looked down. The earth was spread out like a map: we could see the shape of every meadow, penetrate every chimney.

"How beautiful," said my friend. "How orderly and precise. No wonder you conquered the world, you English. How unresting you must be! But what," he went on, "is the employment of those men there, on that great space? Are they practising warfare? See how they walk in couples, followed by small boys. One stops. The boy gives him a weapon. He seems to be addressing himself to the performance of a delicate rite. See how he waves his hands. He has struck something. See how they all move on together; what purpose in their stride! It is the same all over the place—men in pairs, pursuing or striking, and boys following. Tell me what they are doing. Are they tacticians?"

"No," I said, "they are merely playing golf. That plain is called a golf links. There are hundreds like that in England. It is a game, a recreation. These men are resting, recreating. You cannot see it because it is so small, but there is a little white ball which they hit."

"The pursuit has no other purpose?" asked my friend. "It teaches nothing? It does not lead to military skill?"

"No," I said.

He was silent for a while and then he pointed again. "See," he said, "that field with the white figures. I have noticed so many. What are they doing? One man runs to a spot and waves his arm; another, some distance away, waves a club at something. Then he runs and another runs. They cross. They cross again. Some of the other figures run too. What does that mean? That surely is practice for warfare?"

"No," I said, "that is cricket. Cricket is also a game. There are thousands of fields like that all over England. They are merely playing for amusement. The man who waved his arm bowled a ball; the man who waved his club hit it. You cannot see the ball, but it is there."

He was silent again. A little later

he drew my attention to another field. "What is that?" he said. "There are men and girls with clubs all running among each other. Surely that is war. See how they smite! What Amazons! No wonder England leads the way!"

"No," I said, "that is hockey. Another game."

"And is there a ball there too?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "a ball."

"But see the garden of that house," he remarked; "that is not hockey. There are only four, but two are women. They also leap about and run and wave their arms. Is there a ball there?"

"Yes," I said, "there is a ball there. That is lawn tennis."

"But the white lines," he said. "Is not that, perhaps, out-door mathematics? That surely may help to serious things?"

"No," I said; "another game. There are millions of such gardens in England with similar lines."

"Yes," he said, for we were now over Surbiton, "I see them at this moment by the score."

We passed on to London. It was at that time of September when football and cricket overlap, and there was not only a crowded cricket match at the Oval but an even more crowded

Punch.

football match at Blackheath. I foresaw trouble.

My friend caught sight of the Oval first. "Ah," he said, "you deceived me. For here is your cricket again, played amid a vast concourse. How can you call it a game? These crowds would not come to see a game played, but would play one themselves. It must be more than you said; it must be a form of tactics that can help to retain England's supremacy, and these men are here to learn."

"No," I said, "no. It is just a game. In England we not only like to play games but to see them played."

It was then that he noticed Blackheath. "Ah, now I have you!" he cried. "Here is another field and another crowd; but this is surely a battle. See how they dash at each other. And yes, look, one of them has his head cut off and the others kick it. Splendid!"

"No," I said, "that is no head, that is a ball. Just a ball. It is a game, like the others."

He groaned. "Then I cannot see," he said at last, "how England won her victories and became supreme."

"Ah," said I, "at the time that England was winning her victories and climbing into supremacy few or no games were played. The ball had not then conquered us."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston's "The Fly on the Wheel" tells of a clever, bright, innocent girl forced along by the mercenary worldliness of one group of women, the mean gossip of a girl belonging to another, the foolishness of her own people, even by the stern goodness of an exquisitely described old priest, until she is whirled irresistibly to a depth of anguish from which suicide is the only possible es-

cape. It is a pitiful tale, but it is artistically wonderful, and although it may not take as high rank as its predecessors in popular estimation, it is really far superior to them. Dodd, Mead & Co.

If the Christian do not yet understand the Jew, it is not for lack of effort on the part of both Hebrew and Gentile writers of the last half century,

and Mr. Ezra S. Brudno's "The Tether" should explain certain characteristic phases of Jewish life even to those who have never before striven to view it correctly. The author writes as if English were a foreign language to him, but his earnestness overcomes that obstacle and his picture of a Jew's struggle with the iron realities separating him from Christians, the absolute inelasticity of his relations with his own people, is extraordinarily moving. The story is long but it is better worth study than many serious essays on the topics involved. J. B. Lippincott Co.

It is not necessary to bespeak a welcome for the three new volumes,—The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Taming of the Shrew, and Coriolanus—which Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. add to their First Folio Edition of Shakespeare. These volumes bring the total number up to twenty, which is just one-half of the contemplated issue. The prime value of this edition, as is indicated by the title, is that it exactly reproduces the rare First Folio text, with the original spelling and punctuation. This value is enhanced by the introductions, notes, literary illustrations, glossaries, variorum readings and bits of selected criticism supplied by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, who are joint editors of the edition. Convenient in size, attractive in the dainty typography of the De Vinne Press, and moderate in cost, the edition makes a peculiarly strong appeal to lovers and students of Shakespeare.

The version of "Faust," "freely adapted from Goethe's dramatic poem" by Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. J. Comyns Carr must, without doubt, be well-fitted for the stage, but the adaptation is indeed free, and will hardly affect those hearing it for the first time as the more literal versions have affected theatre goers. It is true that none of the great scenes, none of the

favorite points is absent, but the words, the turn of the phrases is so purely modern as to change the entire atmosphere. The songs are not so happily rendered into English as Mr. Phillips might be expected to render them, and their diffuseness sometimes makes them inferior to the common versions, and this is especially true of the "Spinning Song," which is not ill-worded for recitation, but would be anything but touching if sung. The stage directions resemble those used by the late Sir Henry Irving. The Macmillan Co.

"Musical Memories" is a title suggesting to those who know musicians a book resembling Indian Wars, The Campaigns of Napoleon, or Battles of the Rebellion, but Mr. George P. Upton's book of that name suppresses the disagreeable deeds and speeches of musicians, and tells only the amusing tales and is thoroughly agreeable. He relates the history of fifty years of musical performances not only in Chicago, his own field as a critic, but in Boston and New York, recalling names long forgotten, names of great geniuses found, in the end, to possess nothing more valuable than unbounded hope; and modest beginners who steadily forced themselves to the higher rounds of the ladder, and of all he knows some good story or some fine trait. A great number of portraits illustrate the text and the frontispiece is a portrait of the author. The binding is solid and tasteful, the printing and paper all that they should be, and the index is so full as to make the book valuable for reference. A. C. McClurg & Co.

With a free hand in architecture an author may complicate and prolong a mystery until his youngest personage becomes a greybeard, and Miss Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Circular Staircase" adds to the impossibility from which it derives its title, various hid-

den ways and receptacles, but she is wasteful, and uses all of them in brief space although not too brief for probability. Once past the difficulty of surmising why the story is not called "The Spiral Staircase," or "The Winding Staircase," one is taken through a series of events seen at the last to be logical, although agreeably confused at first sight, partly by the temperament of the supposed narrator, an owl-like but kindly woman, and partly by the resolute determination of the other personages to keep her in ignorance of what is done in her own hired house. Four persons come to a violent death before the mystery surrounding the original murder is solved but enough remain to form a pretty group to bow when the curtain finally falls between it and the pleased reader. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle chooses the title of "Round the Fire Stories" for his latest book on the ground that as they are concerned with the grotesque and the terrible they are well-suited for reading "round the fire" upon a winter's night. They include some of the author's best work in this variety, the variety in which he is seen to far greater advantage than in the Sherlock Holmes Stories, and they also include some detective stories for those who insist that Sir Arthur shall always give them fiction of that species. "The Lost Special" and "The Beetle Hunter" are perhaps the best stories in the volume but choice is difficult in a case in which excellence of craftsmanship is uniform. Another "White Company" would be a real benefaction, but if hope for such a gift be vain, it would be a piece of ingratitude not to be thankful for stories in which no useless word mars the effect which the author intends to produce. He modestly says that if they have the good fortune to give pleasure to any one at any time or

place, he shall be satisfied. He will be. The McClure Co.

Four more books for young people come from the press of the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. *Brave Little Peggy*, by Nina Rhoades, is a story for small girls, which is so sweet and true that it may be hoped that the "Black House Series," in which it is the eighth volume, may stretch on until it rivals the Dotty Dimple books of a generation ago; *The Browns at Mt. Hermon*, by "Pansy," is a story for grown-up girls, characterized by both humor and sentiment, and introducing some amusing social complications; Everett T. Tomlinson's "Four Boys on the Mississippi" is the third volume in "Our Own Land" series, and like its predecessors blends fact and fiction, history and adventure in a way which will impel boy readers quickly through its pages, and will leave with them a not unprofitable residuum of information; and "All Among the Loggers, or Norman Carver's Winter in a Lumber Camp," by Clarence B. Burleigh, opens a new series of boys' stories with a graphic narrative in a new field, the Maine logging camps, with its heroes and incidents truthfully drawn from the wild and daring life of the loggers.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the interest of each of the volumes in which Mr. Frederic Harrison is republishing the great mass of the good and valuable work with which he endowed his contemporaries, to be treasured by posterity, perhaps not for a millennium, but certainly until the questions discussed are forgotten. It is amazing to note how many of the papers in this new volume, "Realities and Ideals," might have been written yesterday, although their dates show that many of them have come to forty year, and only a few are new. Three of these latter discuss the Rights, the Duties, and the Claims of Women, and an-

other, "Votes for Women," was written in view of the present agitation, which Mr. Harrison regards as charged with tremendous consequences, political, social and moral. The first essay, "England and France," written forty years ago, sets forth the systematic cooperation of the two countries as the key to peace and progress in Europe and this, be it remembered, was written while Prussia was of small consequence. The book is full of wisdom for the old who remember the occasions of its utterances, and of counsel for the young who see the age as confronted with unprecedented novelties. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Richard Burton's imaginative verse and critical prose have hardly prepared readers for the alternating sentiment and humor of his first story, "Three of a Kind," but when is a pleasant surprise unwelcome? The "three" are a dog, a small creature whose very naughtiness and insubordination delight his friends; a newsboy with latent musical gifts, a warm, grateful heart and enough ignorance of poker to say, knowingly, "Three of a kind can beat any old pair"; and a German violinist equally saturated with music and with tender grief for a dead love. Having a tiny garret-home and meeting the newsboy when evidently in need of shelter, protection and guidance, he invites him to share it, and when the dog, having introduced himself to Phil, accompanies him home and flies at the musician, recognizing him, according to Ludovic, as "his long-lost father," he too is taken as a comrade, and the three, "of a kind" in having only one another in all the world, face life together. They make a very pretty story of it, and Mr. Frank T. Merrill illustrates it excellently well both in full page plates and in headings and slight sketches. Readers a-weary of the ordinary story book newsboy will here find a new type and not once will

they be reminded of "Chimmie." Little, Brown & Co.

Inasmuch as all boys regard a cavalry man as the most enviable creature on dry land, it is strange that "Famous Cavalry Leaders" has waited so long for Mr. Charles H. L. Johnston to write it, and, inasmuch as it is very good, it is to be wished for the sake of boys that he had written it sooner. So much the more is the present growth of young readers to be envied for possessing a treasure not owned by its predecessors. Mr. Johnston's subjects are Attila, Saladin, Genghis Khan, Chevalier Bayard, Count Pappenheim, Gustavus Adolphus, Prince Rupert, Ziethen Von Seydlitz, Marion, Ney, Murat, "Jeb" Stuart, Sheridan and Custer, and he writes their histories simply, but in the language natural to an educated man, not in the crude monosyllabic dialect prescribed for children by mistaken pedagogy. A real child loves long words, and is astonishingly skilful in divining their signification when they are used about a topic in which he is interested, and he will understand Mr. Johnston. The volume is illustrated with half-tone battle scenes and good portraits, of which the earlier examples are curious. The visages of Attila, Genghis Khan, and Saladin might well stir the imagination of the manly boys for whom Mr. Johnston writes. L. C. Page & Co.

Portuguese Africa is a region unfamiliar to the ordinary American and Mr. Harold Birdloss might say almost anything in his clever story of "Long Odds" with no fear of contradiction; but he chooses to write of a topic on which Americans and Englishmen have for nearly a century regarded themselves as intuitively well-informed, African slavery, and he does not follow the accepted tradition. His hero leaves Africa, where he has been for some years, to go home and marry

a conventional English girl, and then greatly offends by leaving her before marriage to return to Africa and free a girl and a few men, once the property of a dead friend. In executing this duty he sees many of the varied aspects in which the white man's ownership of the black man presents itself in Africa, and is forced to perceive that the uncivilized black man cannot be compelled to work regularly except by some one able to inflict pain upon him. He finds those who know the country virtually at one on this matter, and while he is making his discovery he is falling in love with a clever Portuguese girl, and when told that his betrothed has married a richer man, he accepts the position with infinite calmness. This is the first study of the African labor question, and of the Portuguese in Africa from this point of view, and it is also a good love story. Small, Maynard & Co.

Professor Charles W. Colby's "Canadian Types of the Old Regime" is composed of lectures delivered before the May Court Club of Ottawa, and the nature of its peculiarity is indicated by its title. The types chosen are Champlain, Boëbœuf, Hébert, D'Iberville, Du Lhut, Talon, Laval, and Frontenac. An introductory chapter entitled, "The Historical Background of New France," and a closing chapter composed of brief accounts of the most noteworthy among the Frenchwomen who came early to Canada, complete the work. The author's intention of promoting harmony between the French and English in Canada is made visible in many ways, and is plainly set forth in a few passages, but it is subordinated to the general plan of giving a correct view of New France, and here the work opens ground hardly touched by Parkman, because Professor Colby's desire is to unearth matters interesting to the mod-

ern Canadian, indifferent to their value to the New Englander. Because it is intended for another class of readers the citizen of the United States may learn much from this work, if he peruse it imaginatively and not mechanically. The author dryly says that "history does not exist simply for the benefit of the erudite, and there are always some to whom a book is recommended by the absence of specific gravity." His own book has sufficient specific gravity to make a place for itself in the historical literature of its time. Henry Holt & Co.

The small library of books on photography includes but few useful to ordinary children, and those boasting single chapters addressed to boys are often positively misleading. "Photography for Young People," by Mr. Tudor Jenks, does not err on the side of triviality but the author seems to mistake the boy of to-day for the boy of his own youth, and not only gives him rules, but also supplies him with reasons, and reasons are the last things with which the boy of to-day can be trusted. Rules he will not ordinarily obey, but chemistry, photography, many branches of physics teach him the perils of disobedience. Provided with a reason, he rushes into inference with disastrous results, and therefore the wise parent or teacher will compel a boy to master Mr. Jenks' early chapters before glancing at those forming the latter two-thirds of the book. Here the qualities of lenses, the camera, exposure and developing and printing are treated, and as much of the history of the art is given as is necessary to stimulate the young student's perseverance in difficulties. The entire book is written seriously and soberly not in the kindergarten spirit, but with grave enthusiasm. The boy who voluntarily undertakes photography does not need coaxing or petting, and in treating him as willing

to work Mr. Jenks shows himself such a friend as boys meet in few of the current books prepared for their instruction. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Herr Angelo Neumann's "Personal Recollections of Wagner," having passed into its fourth German edition, is now translated by Miss Edith Livermore, and appears in a large, handsome volume, doubtless to be eagerly read by American Wagner lovers. Probably no one knew the "Master" better than Herr Neumann, whose relations with him were such as to deprive him of his last shred of insincerity and to compel the real man to speak with perfect frankness. It was not always pleasant speech which he uttered, or which he wrote, but it voiced the true, real Wagner. Sensitive beyond reason, and almost implacable in anger; generous in his rare praises and full of desire to be amiable; blunt, almost savage in his treatment of sins against music and prone to regard himself as music; not too grateful to those who made his public successes possible, the "master" was better served gratuitously than those who could offer the great rewards of the world. Herr Neumann's devotion, on the other hand tolerated almost everything inflicted upon himself and the one case in which he yielded to vexation was one in which Wagner contrived to offer petty insult to his king and to the entire company assembled to do honor to him, and alleged his weak heart as an excuse. For once Neumann doubted and declared his doubt and the trouble lasted long. Myriads of anecdotes of minor musical and dramatic lights are to be found in the book, and the history of many seasons in the great capitals. No page should be neglected; a good story; a revelation of character; a pungent letter, something that must not be missed surely lurks between

the running title and the foot of the page. The translation is wonderfully good, easy, idiomatic and never suggesting that it is not original composition. Henry Holt & Co.

If "The Testing of Diana Mallory" be a novel "with a key" the criminal case upon which its chief interest depends is not generally familiar in the United States, and the ability of Mrs. Humphry Ward to weave and to unravel a complicated plot has so many times been proved, that any effort to discover a real fountain for this noble stream of fiction is supererogatory. The beautiful womanliness of the heroine; the perfectly consistent cowardliness and cleverness of the caiff upon whom she bestows her heart; the repulsive but not exaggerated vulgarity of the woman who nearly ruins her life; and the perfect vitality of the unseen group of personages constituting the real motive power of the story need no actual prototypes to add to the spell in which they jointly hold the reader until the last page brings emancipation and rebellion against the fate which the author awards to the heroine. "Deliberate choice of self-sacrifice, and perfect happiness therein," cries the reader, "do not excuse the unequal yoking of feminine perfection and masculine deficiency in all fine masculine qualities," and in that belief he will persist, even as an elder generation persisted, in regretting the bestowal of Wilfred upon Rowena. The elder group of characters, the selfish autocratic Lady Lucy gently exacting subservience from all the world; the statesman whose personal character she blasts so subtly that he does not perceive his own condition until the approach of death clears his vision; the eccentric, warm-hearted, fearless Lady Niton, and Sir James Chide, one of the most noteworthy Catholic laymen ever drawn, are four figures which, by themselves,

would make the book remarkable. As secondary personages they are still more extraordinary, and their acquaintance should compensate the reader most deeply annoyed that the "testing" of Diana reveals her as too unselfish. Harper & Brothers.

Miss Edith Sichel calls the sequel of her "Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation," "The Later Years of Catherine de' Medici," and makes of it a volume of 450 large pages written with that toleration which is one of the few agreeable traits of the present period of religious indifference. She is neither the friend nor the apologist of Catherine, but she writes of her calmly, and at the last with some faint pity for the wickedness which had been so fruitless and had left her who wrought it to meet her death the loneliest of mortals. For those who surrounded Catherine, the gentle Elizabeth of Austria excepted, Miss Sichel has no more good words than they deserve, and those were few indeed. The time was incredible and meditation upon it is a nightmare, only less ugly than that which follows contemplation of the equivalent Italian period, but it is individuals to whom Miss Sichel calls her readers' attention. She says that her aim has been no more than to paint portraits, but she gives the portraits so many accessories that they really have the background forbidden to the true portrait and are like fragments of crowded canvas with one prominent figure. Behind Coligny one sees the austere intensity of those "of the faith"; behind Margot, the graceful rabble of her ladies, and the elegant energy of her studies; behind Henri Third, the sinister clever Guises, their patience sorely tried by contemporary dulness; and about Catherine herself the court circle fluctuates, disperses and forms again, leaving her slowly wearing herself away with wilful

wrong doing. The story of St. Bartholomew told in a new way is none the less horrible for the introduction of the element of great deliberation, but it is dispassionately related. The separate chapters are as good light reading as so many short stories, but each is a valuable addition to the growing number of good French historical studies. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Since "The Prisoners of Hope" revealed the existence of a young American novelist of rare quality, Miss Mary Johnston has gone far, and "Lewis Rand," her latest story, although perhaps lacking the perfect finish of "Audrey," has instantly taken rank among the foremost novels of the season. Burr and Jefferson are among its characters, and the Burr conspiracy involves its hero, but Miss Johnston has always known how to subordinate the historic to the personal element in her work, and Rand's struggle with fate absorbs the reader, and in most cases a second perusal will be necessary to the perfect realization of the skill with which Jefferson is delineated. One may not accept Miss Johnston's conception of him, but one must grant it the merits of strength and consistency. Rand himself, son of a rough, stern, ignorant tobacco roller, and of a woman degraded by the husband whom she married in the hope of elevating him, is fiercely resolved to escape to the higher social levels, and succeeds in attaining preeminence at the bar and in Virginian politics, and marries a patrician girl who has loved him from childhood; but close and near he always sees the figure of his rival, born to the superiority which he envies. The brilliant phrase, the graceful act, even the chivalrous deed which he himself achieves only by laborious effort are the simple expressions of this man's nature, and beholding them he yields more and more to the fierce hatred bred

of his sense of inferiority, and when temptation and opportunity coincide he falls as hopelessly as the Lucifer to whom his friends have always compared him. The closing passages following this apparent climax of interest are very fine and in them the heroine reveals feminine nobility of a high order. The subordinate personages, the soldierly old planters, and the superbly capable matrons of the Virginia of the early nineteenth century are as real as the chief characters. In short, Miss Johnston has forgotten nothing and learned much during her temporary absence from the field of fiction. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

Not many honest men in the United States are at this moment heartily disliked by so many persons as Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry; and a greater compliment could not be paid to one whose business is to correct abuses. The great octavo entitled "Foods and their Adulteration" written by Dr. Wiley in performance of his duty, gives permanent form to the results of his investigations in one branch of inquiry and will long be a valuable possession to those fortunate enough to obtain it. Eleven full-page colored plates and eighty-six smaller pictures illustrate the text, but it hardly needs their aid, so clearly is it written. In a brief introduction, the author defines his terms, a precaution seldom observed by those who write on hygiene for the laity. Meats and meat products are the topic of Part I, and inevitably the omnipresent subject of tuberculosis is briefly considered, but here it is mercifully dropped. The same treatment is awarded to the slaughter and preparation of carcasses, a matter in regard to which morbid curiosity has been rampant since the publication of Mr. Upton Sinclair's overwrought descriptions. The various methods of canning and preserving meat; the preparation of lard, soups,

and extracts, dried and powdered meats and beef tea, and careful estimates of the comparative food-value of the products occupy the rest of this "Part." The next is given up to poultry and eggs, and game birds. In one section of this "Part" is some curious information regarding the poisonous principles sometimes found in eggs. Under the head of "Fish Foods," the various species are separately considered, and also oysters, clams, the lobster and the turtle. Milk, milk products and oleomargarine are so fully treated in the next "Part" that very few readers will fail to find something new in its pages, and in Part Five, "Cereal Foods," comes the subject, which, judging by a paragraph in the "Introduction," seems to the author to be of peculiar importance. Briefly stated, he objects to the advertisements exaggerating the good qualities of certain cereals, and to the absurdity of asserting that certain articles "feed" definite parts of the body. It seems to be these claims that led him to prepare this manual for use in conjunction with works on dietetics, physiology and hygiene, and this "Part" is perhaps more valuable to the ordinary consumer than any other. In the latter part of the volume vegetables, condiments and fruits, nuts, the edible fungi, sugar in all its forms and invalid foods and infant foods are discussed and in the appendices, which occupy more than a hundred pages, are a large number of rules and regulations governing the manufacture and importation of food and drugs, and of decisions in cases presented to the government, making a mass of information of the greatest value to producers and tradesmen. It is not to be expected that those who have their living directly or indirectly from the articles condemned by Dr. Wiley's Bureau will be grateful for his book, but in time its great value must be perceived and properly appreciated by all others. P. Blakiston, Son & Co.